

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1888

JULY 11, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

## ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

(Incorporated A.D. 1720.)

Governor—SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G.

FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENTS,  
BURGLARY, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

SPECIAL TERMS TO ANNUITANTS  
—WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED.—

The Corporation will act as Executor of Wills, Trustee of Wills and Settlements.

*Prospectus on application to the Secretary,*

Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C. West End Branch: 44, PALL MALL, S.W.

### MUDIE'S LIBRARY, Ltd.

SUBSCRIBERS have an unequalled supply of BOOKS both in range and quality. Every facility for the exchange of books. Prompt and careful attention.

And

"MUDIE'S" has the largest stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND BOOKS in the world. Works in 14 languages.

30-34 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

### HENRY SOTHERAN and CO., BOOKSELLERS.

NEW, SECOND-HAND, AND BOUND.

BOOKS SOUGHT FOR, however unimportant.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT OR VALUED.

140, Strand, W.C. (Tel. 1515 Central.)

37, Piccadilly, W. (Tel. 3601 Mayfair.)

Telegraphic Address—Bookmen, London.

### Books for Sale

#### THE ANCESTOR. A Quarterly

Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities. Numerous plates, some coloured. 12 Vols. and 3 Indices, pub. £3 7s. 6d. net, for 40s. net. Constable, 1902-5. —WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

#### CAPTAIN BURTON'S ARABIAN

NIGHTS. The Illustrated Benares Edition, fine plates, original black cloth. Published by the Burton Club for private circulation only. 17 Vols., £14 14s. —WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

#### 5 WORKS BY CANON RAWNS-

LEY:—Ruskin and the Lakes; A Rambler's Note-Book at the Lakes; Life and Nature at the Lakes; Lake Country Sketches; Memories of the Tennysons. Published at 3s. 6d. net, for 1s. 6d.; new. —WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

#### FOR SALE.—Parish and Shaw's

"DICTIONARY OF THE KENTISH DIALECT," 8vo, wrapper (published at 10s. 6d.), 2s. free, or hf. rox., 3s. 6d. free. —W. S. GOULDEN, Remainder Bookseller, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

#### CLOUET.—300 French Portraits of

Personages of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II. Autolithographed from the originals at Castle Howard, by Lord Gower. 2 vols., folio, blue cloth (Low 1875), £4. —WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

### THE ACADEMY is an

independent, uncommercial journal conducted in the interest of literature and for the maintenance of a high standard of fearless and independent criticism.

#### NEW ZEALAND.—Applications

are invited for the appointment of INSTRUCTOR in CARVING, DESIGNING, and MODELLING for the Wellington Technical School. Salary £250. Passage allowance £40. Age not to exceed 27 years. For further particulars and for forms on which applications should be made apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

#### QUEEN SQUARE CLUB.

A social club for men and women interested in politics, literature or art. Lectures, entertainments, chess and bridge. An exquisite Queen Anne club-house, close to the British Museum and Russell Square Station. Inexpensive lunch and dinner. Subscription two guineas.—Apply Secretary, 9 Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

#### BOOKS.—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT

and RARE BOOKS on any subject SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder extant. Please state wants and ask for CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of exchanging any Saleable Books for others selected from my various Lists. Special List of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham. Oscar Wilde's Poems 21s., for 10s. 6d.; Farmer and Henley's Slang Dictionary, 7s. 6d. Who's Who, 2 vols., 1907, 11s. net. for 5s.

### THE BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

Founded 1837.

Patron—HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Invested Capital £30,000.

A UNIQUE INVESTMENT

Offered to London Booksellers and their Assistants.

A young man or woman of twenty-five can invest the sum of Twenty Guineas (or its equivalent by instalments) and obtain the right to participate in the following advantages:—

FIRST. Freedom from want in time of Adversity as long as need exists.

SECOND. Permanent Relief in Old Age.

THIRD. Medical Advice by eminent Physicians and Surgeons.

FOURTH. A Cottage in the Country (Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire) for aged Members, with garden produce, coal, and medical attendance free, in addition to an annuity.

FIFTH. A Furnished House in the same Retreat at Abbots Langley for the use of Members and their families for holidays or during convalescence.

SIXTH. A contribution towards Funeral expense when it is needed.

SEVENTH. All these are available not for Members only, but also for their wives or widows and young children.

EIGHTH. The payment of the subscriptions confers an absolute right to these benefits in all cases of need.

For further information apply to the Secretary, Mr. GEORGE LARNER, 28 Paternoster Row, E.C.

### Typewriting

#### AUTHORS' MSS., 9d. per 1000 words,

Sermons, Plays, and all kinds of Typewriting carefully done at home (Remington). Good paper. Orders promptly executed. Duplicating from 3d. 6d. per 100.—M. L. L., 18 Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W.

#### TYPEWRITING promptly and

accurately done. 10d. per 1000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

## MR. EVELEIGH NASH'S SUMMER LIST

### OLD ENGLAND

Her Story Mirrored in her Scenes

By W. SHAW SPARROW

With 80 Illustrations Reproduced from Original Water-colour Drawings by JAMES ORROCK, R.I.

Super royal 8vo, 24s. net.

\* "Nobody who loves his country can fail to be charmed with this splendid gallery of England's fairest scenes."

### HYDE PARK

Its History and Romance

By Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE

With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

"Full of interest."—*The Daily Express*.

"Bright, cheery, and invariably entertaining."—*The Pall-Mall Gazette*.

### SOME GOOD HOLIDAY NOVELS

NOW READY. Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

#### THE HARVEST MOON

By J. S. FLETCHER, Author of "Daniel Quayne."

\* A powerful and engrossing story of the life of a singularly interesting girl, the daughter of an old Dutch settler in Yorkshire. The scenes are laid in Yorkshire, Bruges, and Rome, and the plot affords many striking opportunities for the author's well-known dramatic and artistic talents.

#### Mr. Clutterbuck's Election

By H. BELLOC, Author of "Emanuel Burden."

\* A brilliant satire on modern political and financial life. Mr. Clutterbuck's progress from a City office and a villa at Croydon to the "select" pages of Burke will cause the reader infinite amusement.

#### The Magic of May

By "IOTA," Author of "The Yellow Aster," etc.

[2nd Imp.]

"A document of the hour."—*The Times*.

"Eleanor is one of the most complete and interesting of modern heroines."—*The Morning Post*.

#### The Lady in the Car

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Author of "The Count's Chauffeur," etc.

[2nd Imp.]

"Wonderfully interesting and exciting."—*The Morning Leader*.

#### Nash's Summer Library

is the most attractive series of 18. novels obtainable. It comprises works of such popular authors as H. A. Vachell, William Le Queux, Frank Richardson, &c., and is distinguishable anywhere by the bright coloured picture wrapper which each volume bears.

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS, BOOKSHOPS, AND LIBRARIES

EVELEIGH NASH,

Fawside House, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

### PUBLISHERS' MEDIA

#### THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

The Best, Brightest, and most Interesting Paper.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE. 10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE:—

The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes, Full Resume of the Principal Musical, Art, and Dramatic Events. Science and Art specially dealt with. Fulllest Reports of all Current Events and Special Telegrams from Correspondents Everywhere.

Now ready.

#### THE JULY BOOK MONTHLY CONTENTS.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR—The Literary Fair and What's Happening In It, with Pictures.

THE NEW RUSKIN—Inner Gleams of the Master and his Writings. THE WOES OF A WRITER—When his Friends Descend on him for "Free Copies." By Horace Wyndham.

A STORY OF STORIES—The Origin of Books and How They Have Developed.

A LONDON LETTER—Sir Theodore Martin's Literary Memories of Queen Victoria.

SPARKLETS IN FICTION—Wisdom in Novels While You Wait. LIGHT AND LEADING—New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.

THE GENERAL READER—Snapshot Reviews of the Best-Selling Books.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY—Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH—A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions, and Reprints of June.

THE PERIODICALS—Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS

(Permanent Monochrome Carbon).

THE OLD MASTERS. From the principal National Collections, including the National Gallery, London; the Louvre, Dresden, Florence, etc., etc.

MODERN ART. A numerous collection of Reproductions from the Royal Academy, the Tate Gallery, the Walker Art Gallery, the Luxembourg, etc.

GAMBIER BOLTON'S CELEBRATED ANIMAL STUDIES FROM LIFE: ALSO BIRDS, REPTILES, etc. The exclusive copyright of the Autotype Company. Many hundreds of subjects, size about 12 by 10 in., 3/6 each.

REID'S STUDIES OF CATTLE, SHEEP, etc., FROM NATURE. A large Selection of these attractive artistic Reproductions in various sizes, printed in Permanent Carbon.

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS. By REMBRANDT, HOLBEIN, DÜRER, MERYON, etc.

Prospectuses of above Issues will be sent free on application.

Full particulars of all the Company's publications are given in

#### The AUTOTYPE FINE-ART CATALOGUE,

ENLARGED EDITION, with Hundreds of Miniature Photographs and Tint Blocks of Notable Autotypes.

For convenience of reference the Publications are arranged Alphabetically under Artists' Names.

Post Free, ONE SHILLING.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS INVITED TO

#### THE AUTOTYPE FINE-ART GALLERY,

74 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.



## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters . . . . .	27	The Dark Ages . . . . .	36
Magdalen . . . . .	29	The Poetry of Coventry	
Reviews : . . . . .		Patmore . . . . .	37
The Actors' Boarding House	29	National Biography . . . . .	39
Principles of Western Civil-		Shorter Reviews . . . . .	40
isation . . . . .	31	Fiction . . . . .	42
FitzGerald and "Posh" . . . . .	32	Isadora Duncan . . . . .	43
Recent Verse . . . . .	33	Correspondence . . . . .	44
Norse Heroism . . . . .	34	Books Received . . . . .	46
The Genius of Oscar Wilde . . . . .	35		

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 67 Long Acre, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## LIFE AND LETTERS

The *Daily Express* has organised a plebiscite on the question of questions—Shall women vote? Properly conducted, such a plebiscite might prove most useful. We find, however, that while the *Express* claims that its voting-paper has been drawn up very carefully in order to secure a perfect expression of public opinion, men as well as women have been invited to take part in the plebiscite. For our own part, we consider this to be a mistake. It is quite certain that until the Suffragists began to clamour for male assistance in their campaign the votes for women shibboleth was purely a feminine affair. We believe that it is still a feminine affair, and that a plebiscite which is intended to clear rather than to cloud the issue should be confined to women. The *Express* apparently takes a different view, and we shall see what we shall see. Lady Henry Somerset has been pointing out that there are male persons in the world whose intellect is of the most mediocre character. And because this is true, it seems to us that the plebiscite of the *Daily Express* may prove a trifle misleading. The man of mediocre intellect, in common with the woman of mediocre intellect, is apt to approve of and support a cause on the mere ground that it looks like being successful. Furthermore, men of mediocre intellect have a disposition to out-gallant the gallant. Hence you may find numbers of men who are Suffragists not because they have sound reasons for their faith, but because they are "tickled to death" by what they are pleased to call "the pluck and the determination" of the howling sisterhood. A woman who will walk five miles on a hot day and wave a banner all the time may be plucky, but the admirers of such pluck are not exactly deep thinkers, being, in short, persons whose intellects are of a mediocre calibre. Numbers of them will, no doubt, vote in the *Daily Express* plebiscite. We do not believe that male humanity has, as yet, given the female suffrage question any really grave consideration. Broadly, it is the women themselves who have gone most profoundly into the matter, and it is, therefore, among the women that a satisfactory plebiscite ought really to lie. When the men who are of account begin to think on the subject, we are afraid plebiscites one way or another will not be of any great consequence.

Meanwhile we are glad to think that we discover in the Suffragists' attitude a certain tendency to reasonableness. These screechers are beginning to learn that hysterics are of little use where argument is concerned. When one of the sweet young ladies who broke Mr. Asquith's windows declared that it would be a bomb next time, she was probably labouring under great excitement. But the declaration, wild and whirling though it may have been, no doubt gave many people to pause. Make whatever allowances one may, there can be no question that a threat to use bombs is an unseemly and disgraceful threat even in a woman. While the Suffragists' party does not appear as yet to have repudiated the suggestion of explosives, it seems to us on the whole to have calmed down somewhat. Calmness is a useful quality, and rare among women who have speeches to make. At the same time it is a quality which is worth cultivating, and if the Suffragists can only bring themselves to eschew riotous and disorderly proceedings they will very greatly improve their position.

The Governing Body of Winchester College has long been distinguished by what can only be described as reckless stupidity in dealing with the old buildings of that most beautiful of our English public schools. The history of the school, from this point of view, for the last two hundred years has been a record of senseless acts of vandalism and incredible carelessness. The wanton destruction of the old oak panelling in the School Chapel and the disgraceful carelessness which occasioned the loss of the superb old glass in the same building are subjects which it is too painful to dwell upon. In more recent years the Governing Body committed the outrage of allowing the erection of the hideous monstrosity known as "Stewart Memorial." We now learn that after having more or less exhausted its opportunities of destruction upon the older portions of the college buildings, the Governing Body has turned its baneful attentions to one of the master's houses. We refer to Culver's Close, which for forty years has been in possession of the Rev. John Trant Bramston, a name beloved by all Wykehamists, whether they were members of his house or not. For no other reason, apparently, than that of providing a certain Mr. Stopher with a job, the Governing Body has decided to pull down and rebuild the front of Mr. Bramston's house. The house, if it cannot lay claim to any antiquity, is at any rate a well-known and dearly-loved landmark to many generations of Wykehamists. It happens, moreover, that it is an exceptionally well-built house, as modern houses go. Its mutilation is nothing short of an outrage, and we trust that before it is too late a determined effort will be made on the part of Wykehamists to show the Governing Body that this sort of unnecessary destruction will not be tolerated. A Governing Body is generally supposed to possess neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be appealed to, but even Governing Bodies are made up of individuals, and it is only a matter of taking sufficient trouble to see that these individuals are reached and converted to a proper state of mind with regard to their responsibilities.

We are surprised that the Bishop of London or his representatives have taken no notice whatever of the challenge which we offered them last week. We made pretty definite statements as to the condition of Westminster at the time of our visit, and these statements were in direct conflict with those of the Bishop of London. Of course it may be that the Bishop and his satellites are busy holiday-making, and have no time to attend to such trifles as the reputations of a dozen or so of respectable inn-keepers, not to mention several thousands of honest citizens. Since the appearance of our article a Mr. Stevens has come forward with the assertion that he himself walked in the Bishop of London's procession, and that "during the whole of the evening" he "never saw a single drunken or half-drunken person." On the face of

it this is a trifle awkward for the Bishop of London. Of course, as we pointed out last week, we do not believe that the Bishop of London has deliberately misrepresented the facts. The trouble is that he has been too hasty in accepting the reports of interested parties who were working with him in this exploit. Such lax methods of dealing with important subjects involving the reputation and fair fame of a whole district are neither creditable nor honourable in a Bishop.

We observe that the firm of Grant Richards—or E. Grant Richards—is advertising a new book by the author of "Susan." The wording of the advertisement is of course enthusiastic. It praises both the new book and "Susan" in the highest terms. The new book is said to be in the same vein as "Susan," which, by the way, so far from being in any sense a great novel, was a quite foolish and feeble work. The author of "Susan" would appear to have modelled himself on that brilliant master of the fictional art, Mr. Keble Howard Bell, whose *chef d'œuvre*, "The Smiths of Surbiton," was given to an unappreciative world some years back. The author of "Susan" is a writer of stories for young ladies' boarding-schools; the kiss and the curl-paper are the height and the depth of him; midway he attempts a trifle of pseudo-Roman Catholicism, but his theology, like his sentiment, is of the thinnest. Of course it is possible that the forthcoming work, which Mr. Richards (or E. Grant Richards) is so confident about may be stronger than "Susan," but it will have to be very much stronger indeed to justify the fulsome and fatuous pre-judgments of the publisher, who has demonstrated *ad nauseam* that his prophecies with respect to literary "portents" are lamentably at fault. The whole question of publishers' puffs needs going into, and we intend to deal with it more fully in a future issue.

We do not as a rule approve of and encourage the barrel-organ. As workers in the field of letters we have occasionally found that the sudden striking up of that inspiring melody "Waltz me around again, Willie," is apt to have a deleterious effect on the finding of the right word in a sonnet, not to mention an article on the Suffragist question. But the other day we were moved by a certain portent to confer the sum of "one calendar shilling" on a certain serene grinder of tunes. The portent in question was no less than a piano-organ performing a selection of good old English tunes, such as "The Girl I left behind me," "Rule Britannia," and the original "Sailor's Hornpipe," which, by the way, always reaches our hardened heart. These simple old tunes remind us of the happy days before England had gone mad and given itself up to an orgie of Socialism, Suffragitis, and washy sentimentality. It is a pity that, while there is so much good sound music of the popular order in existence, the monstrous regiment of barrel-organs should be given over almost exclusively to the churning out of music-hall inanities which cause the very dogs in the streets to howl to heaven in protest.

It is with a feeling of distinct relief that we learn that the Daylight Saving Bill is likely to share the same fate as the Education Bill and most of the other Government Bills—that is to say, that it will not become law. We have all along indulged in serious suspicions as to the results which are likely to be achieved by this Bill, and these suspicions were confirmed when we were informed that the Bill had the support of Lord Avebury. Lord Avebury is a wealthy banker, and it must not be forgotten that he is the originator of that horrible pandemonium called Bank Holiday, and anything which is approved of by the originator of such a deplorable institution must be regarded with the gravest suspicion.

We understand that the Labour Party has been in communication with the Lord Chamberlain "with regard to the omission to send an invitation to the King's Garden Party to Mr. Keir Hardie." After considering the correspondence the Labour Party have come to the momentous decision that, until the name of Mr. Keir Hardie is restored to the official list of the King's guests, the names of all its members shall be removed from it. This seems to us to be a highly satisfactory solution of the difficulty. On the one hand the Labour members will be absolved from the necessity of attending functions which must wound them in their tenderest feelings; and on the other hand the King will be relieved from the obligation—which his own kindness has created—of meeting at his Garden Parties persons engaged in revolutionary propaganda, who encourage sentiments of absolute disloyalty to the Crown.

The correspondence concerning the political use of the Nonconformist pulpit continues to fill the columns of the *Standard*. There is, so far, an overwhelming preponderance of opinion in favour of the "Nonconformist" who originated the correspondence. Only one other gentleman besides Mr. Horne has been found to say a word in defence of the disgraceful and notorious prostitution to political purposes of Nonconformist chapels. This gentleman, a Mr. R. E. Webb, cannot be said to have added anything to the strength of his cause; on the contrary, the two letters which he has contributed to our contemporary constitute the strongest possible argument against the position which he takes up. Really, as things are going now, we shall expect in a short time to find that the Nonconformist is an extinct species.

Yet another Vulgar Error must be noted. A short while ago an Independent Preacher wrote to a daily paper to express his horror at an announcement in the "Social and Personal" column of the paper in question. A garden-party was to be given to their Majesties on a certain Sunday, and the entertainments included a "magnificent theatrical performance." The preacher—

Thinking that arrangements so out of character with our English conception of Sunday observance could not possibly have been made for the Sabbath entertainment of English Royalty—

consulted his calendar and found that the date was actually a Sunday. He therefore expresses more horror, pain, and astonishment, and hopes that their Majesties will refuse to countenance by their presence a function which "outrages public feeling," and is "so directly contrary to what the great mass of British people believe to be right."

We do not know what view their Majesties took of the matter, nor do we wish to emulate the Independent Preacher in his office of impertinent interference in a business which does not concern him. It is interesting, of course, to note that the Independent Ethiopian does not change his skin, and that the Puritan Leopard is as spotty as he was two hundred and fifty years ago. The desire to make life as acutely unpleasant as possible, for rich and poor alike, is evidently as vigorous as ever, and lacks but the power to be, as of old, a horror of great darkness over all the land. We say rich and poor advisedly; for the spirit that would like to see all the blinds drawn down on Sundays at the Royal Palaces has been eminently successful in depriving poor folk of every harmless pleasure. And we wonder why the country folk leave the old hamlets and the pleasant valleys and come swarming up to London, there to struggle sadly and to starve sadly in many cases, there to swell the hopeless and desolate army of the unemployed and unskilled. This desperate migration is not in the least wonderful; for the last three hundred years



Puritanism has done its best to make the life of the peasant intolerable. It has succeeded in abolishing that true and ancient doctrine by which a holy day was also a holiday, and it has transmuted the Christian weekly festival of the *Dies Dominica* into a sort of Devil Fast, on which every recreation and innocent pleasure are taboo. One has to confess with shame that this noxious and pestilent heresy was not without its influence on the English clergy, and we are afraid that even now there are many country parsons who would rather see their parishioners loafing aimlessly or mischievously about the lanes of a Sunday afternoon than engaged in a game of cricket, or skittles, or bowls. These clergymen should consult the great Caroline divines, who made such a gallant effort to ward off from the bowed shoulders of the poor the heavy burden of the preacher and the shopkeeper.

But the Vulgar Error? It is this: that the Lord's Day, or Sunday, is the lineal successor of the Jewish Sabbath, and is to be observed, on Divine authority, with equal severity—so that the offence of "Sabbath-breaking" still exists, and is a grievous sin. It is actually on record, we believe, that in the eighteenth century a Presbyterian was punished by the Session for plucking ears of corn on "the Sabbath Day;" and some sixty years ago a relative of the writer was severely rebuked by an ancient Scotchwoman for suggesting a stroll among the strawberry-beds in the garden on a "Sabbath afternoon." In Madagascar during the Puritan domination it was actually a penal offence to draw water on a Sunday; and of such is the Kingdom of the Devil. For, the reason or unreason, the joy and the gloom, of the whole matter apart, the strict historical truth is that there is no earthly (or heavenly) connection between Sabbath and Sunday; and even in Protestantism it is only the great Anglo-Saxon who has pretended that such a connection exists. Sunday rests absolutely and entirely upon ecclesiastical sanctions as a weekly feast; the obligations of the day are to hear Mass and to abstain from servile work as much as may be, the latter injunction being of later origin and of minor importance—that is to say, every Christian is bound to hear Mass unless prevented by the gravest reasons; but a Bishop can dispense from the injunction to refrain from servile labour. As for the people who pretend to be guided by "the Bible and the Bible only," they have no authority for any observance of Sunday of any sort or kind, they have no authority for their non-user of the Sabbath, they have no right to eat black-puddings, and they have no right to eat a fowl the neck of which has been "wrung"!

We note with some amusement that the *Sunday School Chronicle* has rushed to the defence of the "Insolent Publisher." It is most gallant of the *Sunday School Chronicle*, and we make no doubt that the particular kind of publisher to whom our article referred will be most grateful. In the meantime it will be interesting to inquire why it is that the people who write paragraphs about books appear to look upon the publishers as a class of persons who are entirely above criticism. One may write of authors with the utmost freedom—with practically the same freedom, indeed, that one may write of politicians and company promoters. But a breath which is not flattering to publishers provokes an immediate outcry. In spite of its feeling for the trade, however, the *Sunday School Chronicle* is not exactly a whole-hogger in the matter. Probably our contemporary knows a good deal more about publishers than we do. Consequently we are glad to have it from the *Sunday School Chronicle* itself that "publishers have many defects, no doubt, which lend themselves to pretty banter and even serious criticism." "Pretty banter" is admirable. Possibly when the writer of "Books and Authors" in the *Sunday School Chronicle* has published his twentieth volume, and made his fiftieth discovery as to the true nature and spirit of certain publishing houses, he will be content to banter prettily on the subject.

## MAGDALEN

Five and thirty summer years,  
Fair Magdalen has shed no tears;  
What of the kisses that were shed  
Warm on the unresponsive dead?  
What of the kisses—some one said,  
Magdalen?

What of the souls burned out and chilled  
Beneath your windows, deeply silled  
In red, red roses; pale, blanched roses?  
"Should one possess, the other loses.  
Do children stop to count their posies?"  
So responded Magdalen.

Years fulfil themselves in gloom,  
Roses sprawl about the room,  
Yellow roses mat the floor,  
Blood-red roses shroud the door.  
Sweet-breathed lovers mount no more  
Up to Magdalen.

She lies upon a silken bed,  
All its patterns worn to thread,  
A purple nightshade round her feet  
Binds them to the window-seat,  
Her shrunken breasts scarce mould the sheet,  
Only the dying summer's heat  
Mounts up to Magdalen.

ANNE FEARON-BROWN.

## REVIEWS

### THE ACTORS' BOARDING HOUSE

*At the Actors' Boarding House.* By HELEN GREEN. (New York and Paris: Brentano.)

MANY Americans grow irritable when they hear talk of the American language as distinct from the English; but if anybody doubts that an idiom is used on that side of the Atlantic utterly different from any form of speech which is heard here, he cannot do better than buy Miss Helen Green's volume of stories. What he will get out of "At the Actors' Boarding House" will certainly repay him for his struggles with the language, but unquestionably he will have to struggle. Sir Walter Scott provided glossaries for his Scotch tales; Miss Green, less merciful, leaves the foreign reader unaided. We say the foreign reader, but much of the language employed in this book is so sectional that outside of the section which comprises the States of New York and New Jersey, and perhaps part of Pennsylvania, it must give some trouble even to the Americans themselves. Much of it, too, is usual all over America, and it is of that part that people are thinking when they put in a claim for the American language. Of course a good deal of the New York dialect which is rendered so unerringly in this book may be regarded as mere slang, and it would be as unwise to conclude that all New Yorkers employ it as it would be to conclude (we are afraid some Americans do), after reading, say, one of Mr. Pett-Ridge's stories, that all Londoners talk Cockney. But there remains nevertheless in New York, when the actual slang is put aside, a bulk of language which has really very little to do with the English, which is a mixture of all the great European languages, with Chinese and Yiddish thrown in, and in which such words and phrases as are in appearance English more often than not have a signification totally

different from their classical meanings. This dialect is the current form of intercourse for the mass of the people of New York, and in the *genius* of it (if so debased a speech can be said to have a genius) an attentive observer may perceive, so far from a resemblance, an actual antagonism to the English language and an impatience with its forms, which oddly keeps company with that curious under-current of dislike of the English themselves as a nation, always in motion in the United States, notwithstanding what journalists and Bishops and other "prominent people" who voyage ostentatiously and are entertained lavishly out there—"star-tourists" Miss Green would call them—have to say about it.

So if Miss Green's volume were merely an ingenious exercise in a dialect which prevails in certain parts of the United States it would be hardly worth while to bring it to the notice of English readers. But it is much more than that. It is, in fact, a very remarkable exhibition of untiring observation and accurate notation of people and manners essentially unattractive, and even uninteresting, whom ultimately, against our will, we are persuaded to like and to be interested in. The basis of these stories, what they are all built upon, is a shoddy boarding-house for shoddy actors and actresses mostly in "Vodville," situate in a shoddy part of New York. In this house, through the various tales, or rather scenes, people come and go, are seen, and then are seen no more, or unexpectedly turn up again, as they do in life. It arises from the form in which Miss Green has chosen to present her subject-matter, the form of the scene, the disconnected episode, rather than of the continuous narrative, that her characters are but vivid sketches with whom we get about the same acquaintance as we get with people casually met in life. Of one of them, however, Mrs. de Shine, the landlady, the author has drawn a full-length portrait which is a really admirable presentation. Shrewd, quick-tempered, good-natured, Mrs. de Shine emphatically presides over each of these scenes, as she presides at her own unenticing table:

I was onct in the perfession, too, dear (she observes to a newly-married pair who have come to take up their quarters). Ast any one about Maggie Mooney who done the fust livin' pitchers in bronze at the old California theatre in San Fran. That was me and I'm there with the shape even now. Yuh can't tell with these old duds on a'course. Well, good night. Breakfasts till nine-thutty. S'long, Sam, if she beats yuh holler for help. I'm allus kiddin', dear, 'cause I'm cheerful.

Yes, she is cheerful enough, and so are most of the others in the Maison de Shine, as its proprietor is fond of calling it. This diffused cheerfulness has been determined by the author in advance. As her scenes follow one another she manages to convey on the road, quite incidentally, a good deal of information about the theatrical life. It is not an inviting one. Around the Maison de Shine, with its freight of humanity in debt, in drink, unduly elated or embittered, with a strange disorderly marital conjunction between the sexes which snaps like a rotten cord at the least tension, and enables former husbands and wives to meet without embarrassment at the boarding-house table differently assorted—around that house, if anywhere, one feels the chasms of tragedy ready to yawn; but towards it all Miss Green turns a countenance resolutely genial. Her comedians are irrepressibly joyous, and all the incidents end in laughter, or if in tears, then in tears which are very near laughter. Ostensibly unsentimental, shirking sentimentalism, even fearing it, as one thinks, there is, nevertheless, something of Murger in Miss Green's talent. Hark! that is Mr. de Shine's voice at the door; violently drunk, he makes his periodical irruption with murderous threats, bullies and blackmails his wife, and smashes the furniture. Surely now the clouds of tragedy are rolling up. But Miss Green, undauntedly cheerful, is at the helm, and the Maison de Shine drops, after a rough passage, into laughing waters. So, no doubt, it often happens in life. Often, too, it happens otherwise.

At all events, Miss Green's attitude is seductive, and for our part we desire nothing better. Only it is just possible to ask whether her attitude has not been more or less

induced by the fact that these stories had to make their first appearance one by one in a morning newspaper. The nerves of the morning public must be considered, and the writer—the unhappy writer—who provides entertainment for them has to pick his steps. Certainly, if Miss Green has not usually the inclination, she does not lack the power or the courage to examine the grim side of the world. I remember one story of her's, which has appeared elsewhere, mordant and harrowing enough to satisfy any votary of the Grand-Guignol—that admirable temple of art in which, in effect, if Miss Green were French we fancy she would find the most congenial air. This story is called "At the All-Night Drug Stores"—chemist's shop, as we say. . . . Late on a bleak, rainy night six or seven men and women, riff-raff, scum, the very off-scouring of the big city, gather together at the back-door of the drug-store craving for an intoxicant and—it is characteristic of that wild, perverse New York—the intoxicant they crave is not whiskey, not gin, or any comfortable drink, but—of all things in the world for outcasts to be searching on a bleak night!—cocaine. Yes, cocaine. At last a phial is procured, they all greedily breathe in the drug, and one of the women who affronts the sky under the picturesque name of Gold-tooth Maggie, and who is already so full of cocaine that, as one of her companions puts it, the stuff is oozing out of her ears, becomes delirious, and for her, suddenly, the dank and murky street is filled with sunshine, and there, on yonder wall, a grape-vine, loaded with grapes, grows. The others get tired of her maunderings, and, with calm, methodic cruelty, proceed to terrify her by suggestion. They tell her that they hear the ambulance—that horrible cart which tears through the reckless city at the speed of a fire-engine, clanging its bell, carrying the fallen or killed to the lazar-house—the ambulance, they tell Gold-tooth Maggie, is rushing furiously up the street to take her away to hospital, where she will be strapped down on a bed. The poor devil has already been in a hospital, and has borne away no pleasant memories of it; and now she is mad with terror lest they will carry her back there just because she sees the sun shining and clusters of grapes on the wall. Listen, Gold-tooth Maggie! in the vacant street the jarring bell sounds louder and louder and the tumult of the horse's hoofs. Now the cart has stopped. A man puts his head round the corner and then turns a grave face to the panic-stricken victim. The doctor, in his white coat, is just alighting (he reports) with his bag of instruments and a straight waistcoat, and—oh yes—the straps. At this point, suddenly, with the revulsion of feeling usual in the drugged and the insane, they drop their abominable sport and fall to consoling the whining martyred wretch. Then the group breaks up and begins to drift away in various directions. One man disappears for a few minutes, and returning with a bunch of grapes "which have lost their plumpness" he puts it in Gold-tooth Maggie's hand. And she, holding her grapes, wanders down the black, evil street, drenched by the rain, and muttering: "I knew all the time the sun was shining and there was grapes on that wall." Miss Green relates this episode by dialogue, without repulsion or sympathy, as inexorably as the telegraphic tape-machine ticks out its message.

But just these two, dialogue and the tape-machine, bring us to our reservations. Miss Green relies too much upon dialogue to carry off her scenes which are, after all, cast in the form of tales; and her dialogue is a dialect. When it comes to narrative, when she can no longer rely on the false aids of dialect and slang, it must be admitted that Miss Green has not a good manner. We don't want to insist on style, since the very mention of style makes some people so angry—as if style were a crime in a literary work; but we may observe in passing that evidently Miss Green is not one of those persons, too rare to-day, who have early grown familiar with all the ruses of diction. But even without style a writer may still be what horsemen call "a graceful goer," and we are forced to remark that Miss Green as a writer is not, if we may venture the figure, "a graceful goer." No, they are not graceful, those lopped-



off sentences, those split infinitives, those lacerated clauses, those disconcerting drops into slang from haste or unwillingness to take trouble when the author is speaking for herself. They are among the habits of a certain kind of journalism.

And with the mention of journalism comes in our second figure of the telegraphic tape machine. For just as this little machine ticks out a horse-race, a revolution, a murder, a wedding—the most diverse news in the same uninteresting type on the same width of paper—so does Miss Green appear often enough to cut her stories to the shape of some newspaper column, and over the various episodes she relates does she cast the hard, monotonous glitter of the American journalistic manner—a manner with which people in this country are become too familiar. It is Mr. Rudyard Kipling who is responsible for the present American journalistic manner—not manners, be it well understood. It was he who gave these journalists the passion for the out-of-the-way adverb: and with what a sense of discomfort the reader watches them always stretching for that! It was he again who infected them with the mania for vivid writing, that poor vividness which so easily turns lurid. But American journalism has done worse things to Miss Green than merely injure her manner. The American journalist, besides a hundred minor faults, has two grave ones from which, in fact, all the others are derived: (a) the desire to startle, to astonish, and (b) the pretence of universal knowledge. These faults are dreadfully infectious, and even Miss Green, with all her intelligence and her sense of humour, has been smitten. The lamentable depth to which the desire to startle urges those who yield to it is revealed when we find Miss Green so far forgetting her natural reticence and good taste as to begin a tale of Mexican life with the sentence—"Weeping Jesus was feeling fine." Now this cannot be condoned on the ground that the name is often to be met with as a first name in Latin-American countries; Miss Green's business is with readers of English, and she recklessly hurts the susceptibilities of numbers of these by degrading a name which has for them the highest and most sacred associations, simply to startle, to draw attention at all costs. To this do the habits of American journalism lead! From exactly the same cause we have in this book, besides the studies of the vaudeville people which are the important part of it, stories of thieves and "cowpunchers" which do not strike us as being in the least first-hand. There are a thousand infallible indications for people who know about such matters that Miss Green has lived in close connection with her actors and actresses. One or two of her slum studies, as we have shown, are wonderfully striking and true. But we refuse to acknowledge that Miss Green has ever sat in daily converse with forgers and burglars and card-sharpers. Led on by the wish of the American journalist to astonish, Miss Green would have us believe that she has. In her best work it is more her intelligence and her highly-trained observation which are at work than her imagination; but when she attempts things where these can no longer serve her, she falls back on her imagination and journalises her incidents. The result is not at all impressive, and nobody save the naïveté readers of American newspapers is taken in. Nobody gratifies the wish to astonish by exclaiming: "Fancy a woman having all that experience of the criminal classes!" The criminal classes in New York or elsewhere don't in the least fulfil Miss Green's imaginations of them. Her elderly thief, card-sharper, and forger—"Duke Merrill" she calls him—who looks like a gentleman, has quiet manners, a well-bred voice, and a taste for art, and who, when he has finished "doing up a guy," resumes all the luxuries of civilised life surrounded by three or four admiring young satellites—well, he has a long pedigree in fiction. We would advise Miss Green to drop his acquaintance. In fiction long pedigrees are compromising.

But we would not part quarrelling from a book which has given us so much pleasure. It has, we hope, already been made sufficiently clear that Miss Green is a great deal more than a journalist, and that she is not the kind of writer who, in Browning's words, offers such literature as

shall be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. And, after all, we fear we have been unjust to Miss Green's capabilities as an artist. If so, what we have to do is to read again a story in this book called "The Love of One-Arm Annie." This comes very near the irresistible perfection of Villiers de l'Isle Adam at his best, and, be it said, it is almost as pitiless. If Miss Green saves herself and watches herself, if she does not write herself out, if she does not fritter away her talent in daily contributions to newspapers, she ought to produce some day an extraordinary book. The book under notice is remarkable enough, but it is too slight and uneven to last. Still, it is the most original book we have seen for many a day. Under Miss Green's guidance we have been placed where the current of a fantastic, coloured, high-spirited life blows strongest, and we have been amused and exhilarated by the experience. We recognise that we have been shown New York by one to whom that terrible city has yielded many of its grotesques as well as its direst secrets.

## PRINCIPLES OF WESTERN CIVILISATION

*Principles of Western Civilisation.* By BENJAMIN KIDD. (Macmillan and Co., 5s. net.)

MR. KIDD is an evolutionist, but for him the individual is not the unit:

If we accept the law of Natural Selection as a controlling principle in the process of our social evolution we must, by inherent necessity, also accept it as operating in the manner in which, in the long run, it produces the largest and most effective results. Our attention throughout the course of human history has been concentrated hitherto on the interests of the individuals who for the time being comprised (*sic*) what we call history. Yet what we are now being brought to see is that the overwhelming weight of numbers as of interests in the evolutionary process is never in the present. It is always in the future. It is not the interests of those existing individuals with which all our systems of thought and of political science have concerned themselves, but the interests of the future, which weight the meaning of the evolutionary process in history. We are, in other words, brought face to face with the fact that, in the scientific formula of the life of any existing type of social order destined to maintain its place in the future, the interests of these existing individuals with which we have been so preoccupied possess no meaning except so far as they are included in, and are subordinate to, the interests of a developing system of social order, the overwhelming proportion of whose members are still in the future.

All this, if it means anything at all—and that is a question—means that "each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost" is a proverb framed under a fundamental misconception of the qualities of human nature.

But Mr. Kidd's foundations are insecure. Natural Selection is not a law, but a fallacy arising from misconstrued observation. The "Survival of the Fittest" is in a sense a law, but not in the sense in which Darwin propounded it. For there is no *natural* deviation of the individual in an unfavourable direction. All deviations are in a favourable direction; only in one individual the power of positive deviation is less strong than in another; there is no negative deviation. It is true that in plant observation this conclusion has only been reached very lately. But in the observation of societies and of the individuals who go to make up a society, the fact has been, or should have been, patent from the first. At any rate, if we are correct in our belief that the tendency of every individual is in a "favourable" direction in relation to his environment, and not in the direction of differentiation from the mass, then we think that it follows also that the social system and its interests depend upon the individual and his interests, and not *vice versa*. And further, it is the interests of the individual, and so of the aggregate of individuals, all tending in the same general direction together, that are formative of, and not formed by, the trend of social evolution. It is thus the individual interest of the present, and not the social interest of the future, moving upon the lines

of undetermined principles, that is the determining factor in the social systems of future generations.

Mr. Kidd seeks to establish the proposition that :

The people in the present who are already destined to inherit the future are not they whose institutions revolve round any ideal schemes of the interests of existing members of society. They are simply the peoples who already bear on their shoulders the burden of the principles with which the interests of the future are identified.

The interests of whom, in the future, may we ask? Of individuals? No, for the interests of the individual plainly are not, and never will be, of evolutionary importance according to the author. Of society as a whole? Plainly; but if the interests of society are not the interests of the individuals who constitute society, then society is at issue with its constituent parts and ceases to be a society. It is true that in society as at present constituted the interests of many individuals are in conflict with the interests of the social system of which they are part. But, on the other hand, the whole structure of all social systems is based upon the demand made by individual interest for security. It is possible to take an extreme case in which the whole of a nation may be moulded to fit the interests of a single individual. Here undoubtedly the individual is asserted, and yet the social system is not merely a thing of to-day, but can show a finer record of permanence than any other form of social system. No one is so strong and so secure as an autocrat, so long as he knows what he wants and "sees that he gets it." No form of government is so unstable as a Republic, none so open to the depredations of self-seeking individuals.

Mr. Kidd endeavours to foist on to the shoulders of the Christian religion the responsibility for the shifting of the centre of aim into the unborn future. In the process he makes some sweeping statements which will not bear investigation. He points out, with perfect truth, that in the Greek and Roman city-States the duties of citizenship revolved about the requirements of a present expediency, but traces the local patriotism of the small Greek States to the age of ancestor-worship, which he assumes to be the basis of formation upon which those States rest. As a matter of fact, ancestor-worship, understood to mean the worship of an ancestor in blood, and the claim of common origin in descent for the members of a State, is wholly untenable as a working basis for the formation of States. It presupposes the anterior existence of the family, and the recognition of family ties as the first connective influence among men. In the view of many profound students of anthropology and comparative religion this was not the case; and it is demonstrable that in Homeric Greece, at any rate, ancestor-worship had no existence in the ruling class, however strongly it might survive among the pre-Aryan substratum of population. The tribe brought tribal religion into existence, not *vice versa*. Further, Mr. Kidd cites as an example of the short-sighted expedientism of the Greeks and Romans the practice which he apparently regards as having subsisted on a large scale down to Christian times of the exposure or murder of superfluous children. To take the theorising of Seneca on the subject as evidence of the existence of a sustained custom is absurd; and a little sympathetic appreciation of the Greek dramatists ought to convince him that the exposure of children, though undoubtedly not an unfamiliar idea to the fifth-century Greek, was always associated in his mind with consequent complication and disaster. His picture of Greek religion also as forming an integral part of the civil administration of a State, though it may be on the whole substantially correct, is used for the purpose of making deductions which it cannot legitimately bear. His ultimate purpose, plainly, is to point out that it is upon the conception of religion as a part of State administration that the strength of ancient States rested, so long as that religion induced nothing moral but everything civil in the State ideal; or, in other words, that in a State religion there can be no humanitarianism without weakness, and that therefore, for the good both of State and Church, each must work out its salvation independently of

the other. We say "plainly," but the word is too complimentary. Mr. Kidd says much, but we cannot discover that he has much to say. He descants at some length upon the temporal ascendancy gained by the Church in the Middle Ages and upon the consequent disturbances, both social and moral, which shook Europe during the Renaissance. He quotes Lecky at length to show that the result of the ascendancy of the law of the Church over that of States was a complete paralysis of learning and progress, and that the whole trend of statecraft since the Renaissance is in the direction of the dissociation of State and religion. In modern France "*l'hypothèse Dieu s'élimine*." True. But France is not, according to our author, destined to inherit the future. He asks:

How is the future to be emancipated in the present? How is the race to rise to a sense of direct, personal, and compelling responsibility to a principle transcending every power and purpose included in the limits of its political consciousness, and still be so occupied with its present as to set free therein the play of its highest powers? How are we to witness the controlling principles of human consciousness projected out of the present, and yet see opened within the present a free couplet of forces such as has never been in the world before, out of which the greater future can alone be born, and towards which the whole process of evolution in society must ultimately ascend?

How, indeed? We read with some interest the account given by Mr. Kidd of the various attempts made in English history to "secure alliance between the civil power of the State and a particular interpretation of religious doctrine." And in the end we were not in the least startled to find the United States of America held up as the pattern of free association of politics and religion. And reading further on, wearily, faint, yet pursuing some grain of coherent theory in this vast unwinnowed heap of words, we arrived at a picture of some undefined equalisation, socialisation, centralisation—call it what you will—which was to "project the controlling meaning of the evolutionary process beyond the bounds of political consciousness."

Mr. Kidd, presumably, has attempted to put his opinions—or rather his creed—before the world. The book he has written may be better worth the reading than we have found it to be. But the chaos of ungoverned religious sentiment is far more anarchic than the chaos of conscious and deliberate evil, and we cannot think that the book can be of any service, even to those who read it as we have read it, patiently, strivingly, from cover to cover.

## FITZGERALD AND "POSH"

Edward FitzGerald and "Posh," Herring Merchants. By JAMES BLYTH. (John Long, 4s. net.)

ALL readers of Edward FitzGerald's biography or of his letters will be familiar with the name of "Posh," the Suffolk fisherman who exercised for several years so great an influence over the mind of the translator of Omar. The salient facts with regard to the friendship of these two have been well and succinctly told by Mr. A. C. Benson in his "Life of FitzGerald," and Mr. Blyth's volume is chiefly of value as supplying additional and corroborative evidence.

"Posh," it appears, is still alive—hale and hearty at the age of sixty-nine. For many years the even tenour of his existence has been undisturbed, save for an occasional tourist. Now he has suddenly leaped into fame once more, with the result that a hitherto unfinished chapter of literary history may at length be regarded as complete.

In the light of Mr. Blyth's book it is difficult to understand the attraction which Joseph Fletcher the fisherman possessed for FitzGerald. He appears to be a very fair example of his class, wayward and somewhat masterful in disposition, his chief defect being a too-pronounced fondness for the excellent ale of his county—a defect which FitzGerald himself had frequently reason to deplore. It would seem to have been, on the whole, a one-sided friendship, FitzGerald giving all and receiving but little in return. His judgment was narcotised by his extraordinary infatuation



for this rough and illiterate companion. He regarded him as no ordinary man. "This is altogether the greatest man I have known," he writes to Lawrence; and on another occasion he is described as sharing "a certain grandeur of soul and body" with Thackeray and Tennyson. FitzGerald, indeed, is never so happy as when in the presence of his idol, playing all-fours with him in his fisherman's hut, or roughing it on the high seas in their herring-lugger. Even in London his thoughts are with "Posh," and "What would 'Posh' think of me now?" he asks himself. "Posh" was not to be criticised. His faults were excused, explained away, regarded almost as virtues. They were the inevitable defects of a great nature.

To any dispassionate observer it would have been only too evident from the outset that this state of things could not go on indefinitely. FitzGerald did indeed at length awake to the painful realisation of the fact that his hero was just an ordinary man, and, though his affection for "Posh" never wavered, the process of disillusionment was not unattended with a certain bitterness.

Mr. Blyth has brought to light many new facts with regard to the famous partnership of FitzGerald and "Posh" in the herring-boat *Meum and Tuum*—the *Mum Tum*, as it came to be called. It must be observed that "Posh" does not come out of the ordeal with flying colours. He was treated with the utmost kindness and consideration by FitzGerald, but his frequent lapses into drunkenness, combined with a disquieting lack of method where money was concerned, rendered the ultimate termination of the partnership inevitable. Certainly FitzGerald showed great forbearance in the matter, and his subsequent generosity to "Posh" affords ample evidence that he was very far indeed from being the miser some people have supposed.

These pages afford an interesting commentary on FitzGerald's personal life and habits. He was, it would seem, singularly disdainful of appearances. He would put out to sea in a silk hat and with a lady's boa round his neck. He made it an invariable rule never to enter the houses of his social equals, though he was a well-known figure in the cottages of the fisher-folk, and whenever he found it necessary to visit his doctor the consultation took place on the doorstep. The following anecdote suggests that his faith in the medical profession was of the slightest:

When Dr. Worthington called on him at 12 Marine Terrace the doctor saw all his medicine bottles unopened in a row. "You know this isn't fair to me," said the justly irritated doctor. "I do what I can for you and you won't take my medicines." "My dear doctor," said FitzGerald, "it does me good to see you."

Mr. Blyth has been fortunate in discovering several letters from FitzGerald to "Posh" which have never before been published. They represent, however, but a very small proportion of his correspondence with the fisherman. "Posh" himself admits that he has destroyed "sackfuls" of them. His deep-rooted affection for the man whom he had taken to his heart is apparent in every line he wrote to him. Even when he finds it necessary to assume the appearance of severity the note is always one of genuine sorrow. It is impossible to read unmoved such lines as these:

Do not let a poor, old, solitary, and sad man (as I really am, in spite of my jokes), do not, I say, let me waste my Anxiety in vain. I thought I had done with new Likings: and I had a more easy Life perhaps on that account: now I shall often think of you with uneasiness, for the very reason that I had so much Liking and Interest for you.

We are grateful to Mr. Blyth for this truly fascinating record. So little is known of the inner life of FitzGerald that any additional information is doubly welcome, and Mr. Blyth has succeeded in amassing a quantity of material that will be indispensable to any future biographer.

## RECENT VERSE

*Judas.* By HAROLD MONRO. (Samurai Press, 2s. net.)

THE Samurai Press, which exists to discover and organise the aristocracy of wits and achievement, would naturally expose its authors to something of severer criticism if it did not also delight the reader by delightful printing, and thus allay his suspicions. "Judas," taken upon its merits, has some distinction. It is a frank attempt to look at the story not with a *posteriori* loathing, which is the historic Christian attitude, not with the reaction of Myers and Buchanan, but with a deliberate attempt to see things from what was probably the traitor's actual outlook. This is done in an interesting but unequal way, with some poetic insight and some second-rate melodrama. For instance, it is restrained and fine that Judas describes Mary of Bethany as one who:

Fawned upon him with her hands and hair—  
A wanton, thriftless woman. Only I  
Could understand the spirit of the deed.  
While those about him whispered (ignorant!)  
And smiled as praising her devotion, I  
Cried out "For shame! This perfume being sold  
Had fetched three hundred pennies for the poor."

The fever of self-deceiving avarice and disappointed worldly hope is painted carefully, and this makes it more deplorable that Judas should be introduced counting his silver, with a drizzle of hot blood, stage thunder, and an obligato of shrieks and laughter. As he found only nine-and-twenty, he suspected most unjustly that Mr. Monro had pocketed the odd piece, and louped upon him, with frigid fingers and long nails; but he does not seem to have done much execution upon the poet, who modestly refrains from describing any defences he may have made. In a later scrap the traitor's attack was equally ineffective, although the assault was brisker:

Oh! suddenly he came,  
And, panting in an agony of speed,  
Caught at my raiment, tearing with his nails,  
And biting with his teeth upon my hand.

Mr. Monro does not picture Judas as a scientific fighting man, that is certain. It is more likely that Iscariot's onset would have been more conclusive.

*The Knocking at the Door.* By ALICE MADDOCK. (Elkin Matthews, 1s. net.)

ONE should always try to be kind to amateur art, for was not the *Magnificat* itself the work of an amateur? If this author would accept a hint, and keep away from double-barrelled terms and words like "vibrant," "choiring," she would do better. Some of her lines are pretty:

Confessional's dim lighted candles made  
Faint stars.

Or this:

Rich bloom the fields of lavender,  
Warm purpled by the sun.

Or this:

Her eyes the glass, the water shone,  
While every curve was fair,  
A picture fresh to look upon  
Sweet set in April air.

But on the whole a file, and even a hatchet, would be useful tools in Miss Maddock's workshop.

*Songs of a Sourdough.* By ROBERT W. SERVICE. Seventh Edition. (Fisher Unwin, 2s.)

THESE songs are blended of Mr. Kipling and Bret Harte. They are often sad, and even horrible, but they are the work of a poet, and a poet who has not been enervated by a life-diet of drawing-rooms and wall-fruit and fine linen, but has walked in the winds of Canada:

Well the cherry bends with blossom, and the vivid grass is springing,

And the star-like lily nestles in the green ;

And the frogs their joys are singing, and my heart in tune is ringing,

And it doesn't matter what I might have been.

While above the scented pine-gloom, piling heights of golden glory,

The sun-god paints his canvas in the West ;

I can couch me deep in clover, I can listen to the story

Of the lazy, lapping water—it is best.

That gives us the charm of the great Dominion, and for its horrors let the reader read the "Parson's Son."

*Moods and Melodies.* By MARY E. FULLERTON. (Melbourne : Thomas Lothian, ls.)

SONNETS are kittle cattle to deal with, and ought to have an interest sustained to the close. The packing in most of these sonnets gets very loose in the last lines ; but there is a better one now and then—for instance in that called "Forgiven," which ends :

Say not you wronged me, love ; I have no ears,  
Only my lips to take those tears, those tears.

There is a pretty poem on the nautilus shell :

Tell of the creature that shaped you its home,  
Made you with mystic skill, carved you from foam.

Also this writer has, and conveys, a distinct impression of the grateful, mystic, delicious Australian night which "cools the hot lips of the flower."

*Fragments.* By M. H. J. B. and L. C. B. (Theosophical Publishing Society, rs. 6d.)

A GENTLE quietism breathes in these small-typed pages, which now and then boggles into an unkut pantheism, and usually expresses a dispirited and weary habit of mind. This last slightly communicates itself to the reader. Still, some things are well said, if many miss the mark :

And O ! Thou mighty, all-pervading Spirit,  
Let this Thy glory and our gladness be—  
To see each smallest, poorest thing that liveth  
Not only Thine, but actually as Thee.

## NORSE HEROISM

*The North-West Passage.* By ROALD AMUNDSEN. Two Vols. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

THIS is a book to make one cool in the hot weather with thoughts of Polar seas and *minus* temperatures, and chilly with awe, too, at the seven brave Norwegians who put out from Horten in a herring-boat in 1903, spent three winters near the magnetic North Pole, found the North-West Passage out (although the longest way about), and, what is even more to the purpose, have written two delicious volumes with a simple unvarnished boyish charm about them that delights the reader and benefits him more than the magnetic and charting observations are likely to delight and benefit the prisoners of observatories or the flinchers of Dundee. Captain Amundsen did not try to outdo Nansen. He wanted to fix the present Magnetic Pole, which leaps giddily about, and that is only halfway from us to the North Pole. He trod in the steps not of Franklin, but of Sir Richard Collinson, whose observations and those of Sir Leopold M'Clintock helped this wonderful little *Gjøa*, for so the herring-boat was named, to get through with glory and land six of her seven men safe at home. There is something remote and unearthly about Arctic exploration. There is no money or pudding in it. It is pure fun and pure science, and that is why it appeals to the sons of the Muses and results in real literature, without meretricious flourish. Captain Amundsen has walked out of old Valhalla into the twentieth century. He puts on no frills and waits

for no cheers. He tells his tale modestly, with cheerful sincerity, making little comment, and recording his hopes and fears with such objective coolness as a man might use to chronicle a list of cab-fares or cricket averages :

There was a slight irregular motion in the ship. I would not have sold this slight motion for any amount of money. It was a swell under the boat, a swell—a message from the open sea. The water to the south was open, the impenetrable wall of ice was not there.

The *Gjøa* took no superlatives with her and brought none home. That keeps her merchandise as fresh as frozen salmon :

Our quarters were very damp, and every night during the winter we had to chop large icebergs out of our bunks.

That is as near as the author gets to the fervid style, but mostly he writes in this vein : "Our fingers turned white in an instant, and we had to get life back into them sharp." "I managed to get back to the camp with nothing more than a slight frost-bite on my cheek ; the others returned with two seals." "We emptied the pepper-caster and used it as a watch-case." "It was a matter of congratulation to us that the *Gjøa* could offer the Americans" over a ton of flour "after two and a half years' sojourn in the ice." "We never had a misunderstanding or dispute of any kind." "Though we were only seven, we were not easily discouraged." The man who writes thus would always chronicle his frank observations in a way that would command a public wherever he was placed, and how much more so when he is making them among those unusual scenes, cheek by jowl with the extraordinary Eskimo of 70deg. N. These people, who look Mongolian and are as merry as Japs, are one or two geological epochs out of date. They have no gods, or none to speak about, but aim at the stars or moon after death. They take life cheerfully, and when tired of it strangle themselves. They have thirteen months to the year, three seasons, three divisions to the day. They are fairly honest, live on raw fish and raw flesh, are teetotalers from necessity, and seem to have two codes of morality. For ten months they are domestic, decorous, quiet people in their ice-domed huts, living lousy, oily, eventless lives in reindeer swathings, lighted by train-oil and moss candles, sucking blubber and eating frozen meats. They keep the conventions as sacredly as if they had all Peckham holding a Watch Committee over them. Then comes the spring, without rose in hand, and tears off a good many of their skin wraps, and they rush into the ways of the smart set and the poultry-yard (without so much as an advertising priest to preach against them) ; and after these merely seasonable activities, they settle down again to sobriety and peace, letting by-gones be, with harmony restored. Of course their conventions are not ours. If a gentleman has the misfortune to covet his neighbour's squaw, he elopes with the whole family, including the husband. The ladies make use of their tongues not only for scandal and husband-baiting, as is usual elsewhere, but to wash their babies, to cleanse the dinner joints from mud and dogs'-hairs, and to clean any vessels that may require it. The gentlemen who came to cocoa at the *Gjøa* licked the platter clean and wiped it on their shirts. These Eskimo are hardy, but are subject to influenza. Their mothers take them from the dorsal pockets where they are carried as small babes, and expose them naked to the air, which is 58deg. below zero, Fahr. When they grow up they do not seem to mind in the least whether it snows, or is densely foggy, or merely so cold as to freeze petroleum into milk. They go fishing as cheerfully as if the May-fly were on the stream, and they wring a comfortable living out of the grey-grained ice of the sea, finding the very spots where Franklin starved to be an "Arctic Eden," as the author calls it. If any man can read this book and not gain a delightful seafaring friend he must be so cynical and liverish that he had better go and winter in an *igloo* near Jenny Lind Island, and he will know the real value of soap, rum, onions, and roses, and how good it is to live in a world which still breeds sweet-blooded gentlemen of courage and modesty.



## THE GENIUS OF OSCAR WILDE

THE publication in twelve volumes by Messrs. Methuen of the complete works of Oscar Wilde marks, in a striking way, the complete literary rehabilitation which this author has achieved. When one considers that at the time of Oscar Wilde's downfall the whole of his copyrights could have been purchased for about £100, one cannot help entertaining grave suspicions as to the value of criticism in England. It must be remembered that the contempt with which Mr. Wilde's work was greeted by the general mass of contemporary criticism was not confined to the period after his condemnation. A reference to the files of the newspapers containing the criticisms of his plays as they came out would reveal the fact that almost without any exception they were received with mockery, ridicule, and rudeness.

It is intensely amusing to read the comments in the daily papers at the present juncture on the same subject. Oscar Wilde is referred to, as a matter of course, as a great genius and a great wit, and takes his place, in the eyes of those who write these articles, if not with Shakespeare, at any rate with the other highest exponents of English dramatic art. This, of course, is as it should be, but we wonder what the gentlemen who write these glowing accounts of Mr. Wilde's genius were doing at the time when these works of genius were being poured out, and why it should have been necessary for him in order to obtain recognition to undergo the processes of disgrace and death. With the exception of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis" every work of Oscar Wilde's was written before his downfall. If these works are brilliant works of genius now, they were so before, and the failure of contemporary criticism to appreciate this fact is a lasting slur upon the intelligence of the country.

If any one wishes to see a fair sample of the sort of criticism that used to be meted out to Oscar Wilde, let him turn to the dramatic criticism in *Truth* which appeared on the production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The article was, we believe, written by the late unlamented Clement Scott, and at this time of day, of course, Clement Scott's dramatic criticism is not taken seriously; but at the time it was taken quite seriously, and it is astounding to think that such a criticism should have passed absolutely unresented by anybody of importance, with the obvious exception of Oscar Wilde himself. Nowadays if a critic were to write such an article about a playwright of anything approaching the status of Oscar Wilde he would be refused admission to every theatre in London.

This state of affairs must give pause to those good people who have decided that the late W. E. Henley was a "great editor" and a "great critic." If Henley had been anything approaching either of these two things he would have seen and appreciated the value of Oscar Wilde; and if we refer to any of the much-lauded and much-regretted reviews or journals which were conducted by Henley, we find that so far from appreciating Oscar Wilde it was he who led the attack against him, an attack which was conducted with the utmost malevolence and violence, and which was, moreover, distinguished by a brainlessness which is almost incredible in a man who, like Henley (over-rated as he is), was not without great talents of his own. That Henley was a great poet or a great writer of prose we have never believed, and the recent publication of his collected works by Messrs. Nutt does not give us any reason to alter our opinion.

The subject of the first great attack made by Henley on Oscar Wilde was "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Henley affected to think this was an immoral work, and denounced it as such. Now, anybody who having read "Dorian Gray" can honestly maintain that it is not one of the greatest moral books ever written, is an ass. It is, briefly, the story of a man who destroys his own conscience. The visible symbol of that conscience takes the form of a picture, the presentment of perfect youth and perfect beauty, which bears on its changing surface the burden of the sins of its prototype. It is one of the greatest and most terrible moral lessons that an unworthy world has had the privilege of receiving at the hands of a great writer.

It is characteristic of what we may call the "Henleyan School" of criticism to confuse the life of a man with his art. It would be idle to deny that Oscar Wilde was an immoral man (as idle as it would be to contend that Henley was a moral one); but it is a remarkable thing that while Oscar Wilde's life was immoral his art was always moral. At the time when the attack by Henley was made there was a confused idea going about London that Oscar Wilde was a wicked man, and this was quite enough for Henley and the group of second-rate intelligences which clustered round him to jump to the conclusion that anything he wrote must also necessarily be wicked.

The crowning meanness of which Henley was guilty with regard to Oscar Wilde was his signed review of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Henley was always an envious man; his attack on the memory of Stevenson is sufficient to show that; but he certainly surpassed himself when he wrote that disgraceful article. Surely a man possessing the smallest nobility of soul would have refrained at that juncture from attacking an old enemy—if, indeed, Wilde could properly be called an enemy of Henley's. Henley chose to make an unprovoked attack upon Wilde, from whom, as a matter of fact, he had received many benefits and kindnesses, but Wilde never retaliated in an ungenerous way, although his enormous intellectual superiority would have rendered it an easy task for him to pulverise Henley. It was always Wilde's way to take adverse criticism contemptuously, and, to the last, he never spoke of Henley with anything but good humour, albeit with some deserved disdain. The slow revenge of time has in this particular case bestirred itself to some purpose, and if we cannot say with justice "Who now reads Henley?" we can at any rate state very positively that for every reader that he has, Oscar Wilde has twenty. The reason is not far to seek. Wilde, putting aside his moral delinquencies, which have as much and as little to do with his works as the colour of his hair, was a great artist, a man who passionately loved his art. He was so great an artist that, in spite of himself, he was always on the side of the angels. We believe that the greatest art is always on the side of the angels, to doubt it would be to doubt the existence of God, and all the Henleys and all the Bernard Shaws that the world could produce would not make us change our opinion. It was all very well for Wilde to play with life, as he did exquisitely, and to preach the philosophy of pleasure, and plucking the passing hour; but the moment he sat down to write he became different. He saw things as they really were; he knew the falsity and the deadliness of his own creed; he knew that "the end of these things is Death;" and he wrote in his own inimitable way the words of Wisdom and Life. Like all great men, he had his disciples, and a great many of them (more than a fair share) turned out to be Iscariots; but it is his glory that he founded no school, no silly gang of catchword repeaters; he created no "journalistic tradition," and he was not referred to by ridiculous bumpkins occupying subordinate positions in the offices of third-rate Jewish publishing-houses as "dear old Wilde." Those who knew and loved him as a man and as a writer were men who had their own individualities and were neither his shadows nor his imitators. If they achieved any greatness they did it because they had greatness in them, and not because they aped "the master." Henley has his school of "Henley's young men," of whom we do not hear much nowadays. Wilde has his school of young men in those who copy what was least admirable in him, but from a literary point of view he has no school. He stands alone, a phenomenon in literature. From the purely literary point of view he was unquestionably the greatest figure of the nineteenth century. We unhesitatingly say that his influence on the literature of Europe has been greater than that of any man since Byron died, and, unlike Byron's, it has been all for good. The evil that he did, inasmuch as he did a tithe of the things imputed to him, was interred with his bones, the good (how much the greater part of this great man!) lives after him and will live for ever.

A. D.

## THE DARK AGES

ONCE upon a time, it seems, the world was in a very bad way. According to Mr. H. Jeffs, the author of "The Good New Times" (Clarke, 2s. 6d.), there was no drainage in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, nor for long afterwards; "there was no pure water-supply, no care taken of the food of the people . . . no sanitary conveniences of any kind." Moreover, the whole fabric of society was bad and corrupt:

Each lord was a tyrant in his own domain, whose will was law. The people were serfs of the soil; neither their bodies nor their souls were their own. . . . The labouring classes of the Middle Ages were as ignorant as the cattle which they tended. It is true that the nobility were little less ignorant as far as reading and writing and book-knowledge were concerned. The thought of educating the working classes, however, would have astonished the nobility beyond all measure. . . . To educate the labourers would have been to teach them that they had minds of their own and souls of their own, and that would have suited the book neither of the owners of the land nor the priests, who were the paid upholders of things as they were, and who were so sunk in superstition—they regarded superstition indeed as identical with religion—that they dreaded . . . any illumination of the minds of the people as a whole lest that illumination should lead them to doubt the superstitions which gave the priests the control over them.

And so forth at some length; and the conclusion is, according to Mr. Jeffs, that we owe all the blessings we enjoy to-day, including sanitation, education, and pure food—I forget, by the way, how many children are slaughtered yearly by putrid and tuberculous milk—to the Open Bible; or, in other words, to our old friend the Glorious Reformation.

It is wonderful doctrine! As it happened, soon after I had read "The Good New Times" I glanced at a review of a book on jewellery, with an illustration of the famous Tara Brooch:

The ring and expanded head of the pin are ornamented with examples of nearly every technical process, being enriched with enamel-work, niello, and inlaid stones. The metal is hammered, chased, engraved, and filigreed with extreme delicacy.

There are, of course, many examples of this wonderful Celtic work—in stone, in illumination, in metal; and at some of these works the modern experts can only express amazement, wondering with what eyes, with what hands of exquisite and delicate cunning such masterpieces were created. The microscope only proclaims more clearly the absolute and impeccable perfection of the work. These things were done, in all probability, by degraded and superstitious monks, sometimes for their convents, sometimes for a brutal and ignorant nobility; but it must be remembered that it was the common labouring men, who were as ignorant as the cattle they tended, who built the churches and cathedrals; and the great Romances were in many cases written by lay-people, who had no pure water-supply. From the unfortunate labouring classes also proceeded the wealth of folk-lore, of song, and story, and proverb; to them, too, belongs the glory of Agincourt, Crecy, and Poitiers. They were very badly fed, says Mr. Jeffs, and one wonders if he has ever seen the *menu* of a Japanese soldier. Rather they lived hardly, somewhat in the style of a German peasant of to-day perhaps. They no doubt ate a good deal of the coarse bread, which is a main preserver of health in the writings of the doctors, and a chief part of the horrible doom of Protection in the speeches of the politicians.

Mr. Squeers spoke to Bolder slowly, "for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him." One has to approach Mr. Jeffs in a somewhat meditative and cautious manner, not because it is difficult to know where to have him, but because he offers so many vulnerable points. The matter is too large to be dealt with in the course of a review; it must suffice to say that a person who believes that the great Opus of the Middle Ages—its poetry, its romance, its architecture, its craftsmanship, its devotion, its social structure—was the work of ignorant

and brutal lords, superstitious clerics, and brutish commons is . . . not very wise.

And the worst of it is that Mr. Jeffs is not altogether consistent. In his opening essay he warns us not to look at the past through the glasses of poets and painters; and yet in another address he says, very truly, that it is the object of Religion to make every man a poet. Surely not that every man may become an expert and discursive liar? And then, after abusing the Middle Ages in [the fashion that we have seen, he has an elaborate eulogy of the mediæval ideal and practice of chivalry. And when he has told his working-man friends how infinitely happier they are now than they ever have been he goes on to say:

Somehow none of these [modern] labour-saving contrivances seem ["seems" were more in accordance with the genius of our language] to save the labourer. They rather keep him more and more upon the rush. One is inclined to wish sometimes that we could return to the calmer and more leisurely ways of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Man is becoming the slave of his own machines. . . . Can anything more brain-bedulling and heart-sickening be conceived than . . . such soulless labour?

Let Bolder—otherwise Mr. Jeffs—step back unharmed to his place. He is clearly an intelligent and amiable man after all—if he would only get rid of a set of obsolete, absurd, and ignorant superstitions, which are infinitely more ridiculous and more noxious than any tale of dragons and laidly worms that ever amused a mediæval fireside. Indeed, there were once dragons and laidly worms upon the earth, but there never was a time when "the Open Bible" was anything but a pest and a danger; there never was a time when the whole social structure was as corrupt and abominable as it is now; there never was a time when the working-man's condition was so thoroughly deplorable.

But these "Brotherhood" addresses furnish incidentally an interesting text. Mr. Jeffs considers, in his superstitious moments, that poets, painters, and romancers are, in plain language, liars; they are people, he thinks, who see life falsely and make a false report of it to the bewilderment and confusion of the more sober lieges. This opinion is interesting because, I suppose, it is a very general one; it is, in other words, the common opinion to which a man who should have known better has given currency. It is, of course, as false and wicked and foolish a lie as are most of the opinions and beliefs of "practical men." Great wit is not in the least allied to madness; it is at the opposite pole to madness, which, with few exceptions, is due to intense stupidity and to lack of the imaginative faculty. To these causes should be added Protestantism, which, after all, is probably only a "shorthand" name for stupidity exercising its lack of intelligence on religion. Nevertheless the "practical" man has long opined that artistic genius of any kind is a form of lunacy, and that poets and painters spend their time in looking into a kaleidoscope and in telling us what they have seen. This nonsense, this most poisonous lie, being, as I have observed, both widely spread and obstinate, it is perhaps worth while to give it the fullest and most emphatic contradiction; to assert once more that, so far from poets and painters seeing amiss, it is they, and they alone, who really see at all. The artist, the man of genius, is of necessity the man of clear and piercing and transcendent vision—the man whose eyes are purged from the mists and fogs and cataracts that afflict the most of us, that make us see an elephant where there is but a mouse, which make us chatter about "hallucination" and "indigestion" when, by the mercy of heaven, we are now and again permitted to behold the apparition of the angel. The "plain man," the "practical man," the "man in the street"—this monster of many names is, indeed, the inhabitant of a world of monstrous delusions and of a distracted phantasmagoria. To him Syon seems an insanitary village, and the seers, the saints, the poets, and the painters are but madmen in various disguises. It is not difficult to guess the reason; the plain man is aware that men of genius often die in poverty, and to him poverty is the last and bitterest Gehenna, the sin that shall not be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world that is to come. Tell him that there are certain people who despise



money and money-making, and he wonders whether such persons are lunatics or criminals, and, being charitable according to his lights, is good enough for the most part to give genius the benefit of the doubt—to vote for Broadmoor rather than for the gallows. A friend of mine once said very wisely that one great difference between the Middle Ages and the present time was this—that, though there were money-grubbers in those days as now, yet even the money-grubbers of old were aware that it was the saint, the solitary, the ascetic who were in reality the true "men of affairs," the men who had got hold of a business eternally profitable, and pursued that business without rest, without weariness, without distraction. And in a lesser degree the men of genius are the real "men of affairs," the men who are truly practical, since they have received the vision of things which are real and eternal and beautiful, which are worth seeking with heart and soul and mind and strength. That the other opinion is ever muttered outside the walls of a madhouse is an astonishing portent. That there are actually human beings who believe that the existence of powerful machinery capable of printing a magazine of rubbish, impertinence, triviality, and malignity at a terrific speed is a matter of the smallest importance to any creature that God has made: this is in truth a tale wilder than anything in the "Arabian Nights" or in the mediæval Mirabilaries. Unfortunately, however, it is a tale only too true; and those who prophesy against these crazy and fantastic delusions are likely, it seems, to meet with no better reception than did Cassandra, whose warnings (the popular journalist is respectfully reminded) all came true. There is, indeed, an evil savour of blood and woe, and madness and ruin, about the house; and unless the lords of it and they that serve in it repent speedily and repent deeply, its doom is certain. The rule of madmen is sure to be disastrous; the rule of cunning and dishonest madmen will most certainly lead to a peripeteia at once final and awful beyond all expression.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

## THE POETRY OF COVENTRY PATMORE

IN a previous article upon the Ideas of Coventry Patmore reference was made to the fact—stated by Mr. Gosse—that the poet was not acquainted till late in life with the verse of that earlier mystical singer Richard Crashaw. But for Mr. Gosse's statement, it would have seemed that there was a definite spiritual collaboration of the two poets sundered by indifferent centuries, and that Crashaw was indeed guiding the hand of a late lover of his work. A reader of the Odes in the "Unknown Eros," unfamiliar with Crashaw, might deem that in such verses as the following an unknown masterpiece of Patmore's had been discovered. They are from Crashaw's Ode prefixed to a Prayer-book:

Dear soul, be strong;  
Mercy will come ere long,  
And bring his bosom fraught with blessings,  
Flowers of never-fading graces,  
To make immortal dressings  
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
Store up themselves for Him, Who is alone  
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.  
But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,  
Shall find the loitering heart from home;  
Leaving her chaste abode  
To gad abroad  
Among the gay mates of the god of flies . . . .  
Doubtless some other heart  
Will get the start  
Meanwhile and stepping in before,  
Will take possession of the sacred store  
Of hidden sweets and holy joys . . . .  
And many a mystic thing  
Which the divine embraces  
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring;  
For which it is no shame  
That dull mortality must not know a name!

The similarity of idea and inspiration is not more notable than the similarity of form and rhythm. I do not know a more striking instance of the perfect echo, albeit unconscious, of ideas and music floating across the great gulf of years. Like Patmore, Crashaw was at first an Anglican; like Patmore, he was essentially a mystic; like Patmore, he strove to express the inexpressible, seeming, at times, about to become divinely inarticulate; like Patmore, he sang an individual song, holding aloof from current influences, solitary, unperturbed, ecstatic.

In the case of Patmore, however, it is to be admitted that he was not always uninfluenced by other poets. The intense individuality which distinguishes the Odes was by no means so conspicuous in the amatory "Angel in the House" and "Victories of Love." You are often aware of an obviously Tennysonian melody, a sweetness of versification not less perfect than Tennyson's, and hardly distinct from his. There is something almost astonishing in the flawless loveliness of the preludes; they are an exquisite efflorescence of pure poetry. There is something quite astonishing in the technical mastery displayed by a new poet such as Patmore was when the first instalment of his "Domestic Epic" was put forth. By all the probabilities of the subject, the poem ought to be very dull indeed—yet it isn't. The most prosaic details are swept serenely into the scheme—and you are surprised to find they do not sink it. Partly the triumph is due to the technical accomplishment displayed, partly to the warm and delicate vitality of the passion of love as Patmore conceived it. Those prosaic details and superfluous trifles which exposed their author to such hearty laughter and the delicious parody of a contemporary are the fruit of no infelicitous failure of apprehension; they are rather the result of an attempt faithfully to utter the ecstasy of love tempered by the pettiness of common circumstance, but neither defeated in scope nor abated in ardency. One can never forget the acute parody "The Person in the House," by Mr. Swinburne in the "Heptalogia"—that choice armoury of keen laughter; yet clearly, its original is left untouched. For a really damaging parody you have to turn to "The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell," which is an impeachment of the vague idea, as well as a criticism of the purely poetic quality, of Tennyson's ineffective piece of verse. The parody of "The Angel in the House" is no more an impeachment of Patmore's metaphysic of love than of the faultless form and bright perfection of the verse. Of the virtue of that style, one brief famous passage is sufficient witness:

When'er I come where ladies are,  
How sad soever I was before,  
Though like a ship frost-bound and far,  
Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,  
Third-winter'd in that dreadful dock,  
With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,  
And crew that care for calm and shock  
Alike, too dull to be dismayed,  
Yet, if I come where ladies are,  
How sad soever I was before,  
Then is my sadness banish'd far,  
And I am like that ship no more;  
Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,  
Burst by the sudden polar Spring,  
And all thank God with their warming wits,  
And kiss each other and dance and sing,  
And hoist fresh sails, that make the breeze  
Blow them along the liquid sea,  
Out of the North, where life did freeze,  
Into the haven where they would be.

Yet it is hard not to add this gleaming quatrain:

One of those lovely things she was  
In whose least action there can be  
Nothing so transient, but it has  
An air of immortality.

The "Victories of Love" takes up the same great marriage-song with a yet more frequent prosaic detail; but against these descents is to be set a keen poignancy which found hardly a voice in the earlier work, and was to form the dominant note of the later. It is full of glittering, epigrammatic lines, which have lost nothing of beauty by condensation:

Day was her doing, and the lark  
Had reason for his song; the dark  
In anagram innumerable spelt  
Her name with stars that throbbed and felt;  
'Twas the sad summit of delight  
To wake and weep for her at night.

Both the "Angel in the House" and the "Victories of Love" enjoyed a popularity in their day which must needs amaze us if we conceive it to be simply a tribute to pure poetry. But I fear such a conception, though agreeable, would be erroneous. Noble poetry has never been popular for itself, and the early vogue of these was doubtless largely owing to the fact that they embodied a story which everybody liked, at the same time as they signalled an idea for which, perhaps, nobody cared. Theirs was the day of "Maud," "Aurora Leigh," the novels of Trollope, Thackeray, Charles Reade, and Lytton. They had the advantage of a sentimental tide, and now that tide has long since ebbed they have lost a popularity which had but small respect to their merit as poetry.

Yet, perhaps, there is another reason. Successful as the author was in his avoidance of mere mechanic facility in using a very simple and facile measure, he did not wholly escape the penalty that seems to fall on every long poem which has not the varied harmony of blank verse. There is, undeniably, a monotony of lyrical sweetness in the uniform metre which Patmore adopted. Here and there he has cunningly relieved it by an apt quickening of the lines, as in the passage already quoted: "Whene'er I come where ladies are;" and this device of consonant impetuosity (of which Coleridge, I may remark, knew so well the secret) is so admirably used that it is to be regretted it was used so sparingly. Perhaps blank verse is the only right medium for a long poem, since even the leaping, resonant couplets of "Tristram of Lyonesse" do not always avoid the penalty of monotony; yet, on the other hand, one must admit that Wordsworth's verse in the "Excursion" is commonly dull enough to tempt us into longing for the relief of rhyme. The only conclusion would seem to be that every long poem is bound to be dull if read with injudicious assiduity; and that Patmore was probably wiser than all critics in availing himself of the relief and simple pleasure of rhyme, when contemplating a poem of unflinching, circumstantial veracity.

Turn to the second volume of the collected poems, and you are aware of a good reason for trusting Patmore's instinct for form. The silence of a few years has indeed borne a rich fruit. Not more marked or more astonishing is the development of his ideas (traced in the previous paper) than the development of his power of expression. The limpid, serene loveliness of lyrical narrative yields to an austerer beauty of urgent song; the precise simplicity of the octosyllabic line to a rhythm released from apparent bond and restraint, but governed by a secret, firm integrity, which forbids at once the cloying recurrence of the earlier work, and the trailing shapelessness of most "irregular" modern poetry. It is the verse of Crashaw, but instinct with a more delicate life, touched with a more vehement fire, controlled by a more accomplished art; it has a certain likeness—in rhythm, sweetness, gravity—to those most magnificent poems of the unpraisable Spenser, the "Prothalamion and Epithalamion." Patmore's own phrase best describes it—"Wedded light and heat;" and the metaphor so constantly present in his mind, of the song and the flight of a bird at evening, is the apt metaphor by which to indicate its characteristics. It is a gift among the most precious to modern poetry, a music among the most perfect. No one who has seriously essayed the subtle and difficult art of verse will fail to recognise the subtle and difficult art—albeit concealed—of lines such as these:

She, as a little breeze  
Following still Night,  
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas  
Into delight;  
But, in a while,  
The immeasurable smile  
Is broke by fresher air to flashes blent  
With darkling discontent;

And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,  
And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,  
T'ward the void sky-line and an unguessed weal:  
Until the vanward billows feel  
The agitating shallows, and divine the goal,  
And to foam roll,  
And spread and stray  
And traverse wildly, like delighted hands,  
The fair and fleckless sands;  
And so the whole  
Unfathomable and immense  
Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach  
And burst in wind-kiss'd splendours on the deafning beach,  
Where forms of children in first innocence  
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbow'd crest  
Of its untired unrest.

To read these Odes as I read them now, in hearing of the incessant waves, with sudden wings flashing, and song breaking impetuously from neighbouring trees, is to be clearly aware of an accordant rhythm and impulse in Patmore's verse. Only here and there in the political Odes does it become abrupt and disconcerting; and for the most part these melancholy, vituperative songs have still a beauty, a charm, all but inalienable. . . . Once, and but once, Patmore resorts to the device of ending an Ode with unrhymed lines; and those who do not forget the third poem of the "Unknown Eros" will probably have seen in its close plain evidence of consummate art:

But sweeter yet than dream or song of Summer or Spring  
Are Winter's sometime smiles, that seem to well  
From infancy ineffable;  
Her wandering, languorous gaze,  
So unfamiliar, so without amaze,  
On the elemental, chill adversity,  
The uncomprehended rudeness; and her sigh  
And solemn, gathering tear,  
And look of exile from some great repose, the sphere  
Of ether, moved by ether only, or  
By something still more tranquil.

The form is wonderfully adapted to the distinctive burden of these Odes. That burden is, in one word, poignance. Leaving apart the poems previously considered in relation to the poet's ideas, there is found in the others a dominant note more truly in harmony with that of the "Ode to a Nightingale" than is discernible in any other verse since Keats. The sadness of parted love, the agony of loss, the bitterness of severing death—it is with these familiar, infinite sorrows that Patmore is occupied. If I may speak of my own experience, his is the only modern verse, other than some lines of Shakespeare, Burns, and Keats, which I find it hard to read without tears. And, though I have read them a hundred times, I know not where, precisely, the secret of their unfailing poignancy is lodged, or how it is to be described; just as, though I have watched them a thousand times, I know not how to explain the acute poignancy of a sea-bird's flight or the scream of a swallow. Many of these Odes are the expression of the poet's own experience, utterance of an anguish intolerably sharp; and his psychology of love and grief, of the ingenious cunning of sorrow, seems to me invariably true. In "The Azalea" he dreams that she he loves is dead; he wakes, and for a delicious moment is thankful it was only a dream—until he remembers, by the breath of the Azalea, that indeed, indeed, she is dead. In "Departure" he reproaches her for going the "journey of all days with not one kiss or a good-bye," seizing upon the lesser grief as a shield against the greater. With "The Toys" every one is acquainted, and also, perhaps, with the following little piece, which is only printed here in order that Patmore may speak fitly for himself, and without further impertinent eulogy of particular poems:

"IF I WERE DEAD."

"If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor Child!"  
The dear lips quivered as they spake,  
And the tears brake  
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.  
Poor Child! Poor Child!  
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.  
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.  
Poor Child!



And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,  
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,  
And of those words your full avengers make?  
Poor Child! Poor Child!  
And now, unless it be  
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,  
O God, have Thou *no* mercy upon me!  
Poor Child!

Yet it were wrong to omit all allusion to what is one of the finest love-poems ever written by any poet—"Amelia." No other master of song would have opened an Ode with such a line as—

Whene'er mine eyes do my Amelia greet—

but from this tame start Patmore proceeds to one of his loftiest love-tributes, in which there is not a little of his personal history. It is a most "inclusive" Ode, with clear characterisation, love-speeches, metaphysics, and a score of precious images of sad or joyful loveliness. Most famous, and justly famous, is the description of "Amelia":

Fresh-born from a kiss,  
Moth-like, full-blown in birth-dew shuddering sweet,  
With great, kind eyes, in whose brown shade  
Bright Venus and her Baby played!

In the brief Preface to the collected edition of his poems, Patmore, with an independence as right and true as Landor's, writes:

I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.

Scrupulous though he was to give only his best, he is not of those lesser wits who with the labour of a month improve away the inspiration of a moment. His highest work has the mystery of true art. Asked in what, ultimately, its unique power and excellence consist, you are brought to the ancient, honest confession, "We cannot tell. It is of the wind, which bloweth where it listeth." There will always be honour for a poet who gives the world of his best, and there will always be some to whom poetry so intimate, intense, religious, and perfect as that of the Odes will make a singular—nay, an almost incomparable—appeal. Those who are untouched by its spell will no doubt find a difficulty in appreciating the apparently idolatrous fervour of the regard in which Patmore's work is held by some few readers. For he is not widely loved—though perhaps it were more accurate to say he is not widely known. Even in a handbook of Victorian literature, written by a well-known Professor, I have found in the chapter upon Patmore evidence of the grossest ignorance and most hopeless incompetence that ever distinguished a volume of literary history. In his own lifetime Patmore was overshadowed by writers of larger achievement; and though since his death a juster recognition has been accorded to his work, there is yet witness that the heedless tradition which assigns him an obscure place among the lesser Victorian poets—somewhere in the twilight between Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Lewis Morris—is not wholly discredited. It is to be admitted, however, in excuse for those who are content to follow the current fashion while pretending to direct it, that to expect "popularity" for the austere ardours of "The Unknown Eros" would be as foolish as to expect it for, say, Donne's "Anniversaries." In truth, the appreciation of fine poetry is a rare gift, and as such an accomplishment as a gift; and nothing is to be gained—save by editors of ha'penny papers—by pretending the fact is otherwise. Of the love of the acute and honourable minority who care for enduring things, and who rejoice to find those things receiving a form and body in noble verse, Patmore, I believe, is secure. The deafness of which he was aware in his contemporaries is no longer universal. Were he with us now, he might still keep an attitude of reserve and defensive disdain towards "the general" in respect of his own art; but he would not write, as once, deeming his voice a solitary one and aware it was all but unheeded:

No 'plaint be mine  
Of listeners none,  
No hope of render'd use or proud reward,  
In hasty times and hard;  
But chants as of a lonely thrush's throat  
At latest eve,  
That does in each calm note  
Both joy and grieve;  
Notes few and strong and fine,  
Gilt with sweet day's decline,  
And sad with promise of a different sun.

J. F.

## NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

If this country may with truth be said to lag behind others in some important matters, such as education and provision for national wants, as well as in the recognition of merit other than naval and military, it can boast at least one great distinction—it has the best Dictionary of National Biography in the world. And the superiority in completeness indicated by the greater number of memoirs in the British collection was not allowed to entail proportionately greater time in preparation. The sixty-three original volumes of our "Dictionary" (completing the main body of the work) came out at regular quarterly intervals during a period of only fifteen years and a half, as compared with the thirty-five years occupied by the "Oesterreichische Hausschatz" with its sixty, the "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie" with its forty-five, whilst the "Biographie Nationale" of Belgium had only in 1905 reached the letter R, though it had been in progress nearly forty years! When it is added that all of these Continental undertakings have been produced under public auspices, whilst our own was the unaided enterprise of a private publisher, individualistic as well as national sentiment may well have cause for gratification.

But it is not to be supposed that a publication of this magnitude—three supplementary volumes made the total amount to sixty-six—and of this nature could have, at least within an appreciable period, a commercial success. Mr. George Smith "counted his Consols" before he embarked upon it, the present writer heard him remark in the excellent speech which he made in introducing Mr. Lee to the editorship. And another inevitable drawback was bulkiness. Expense and shelf-room are considerations that have to be taken into account by all but the wealthiest of bibliophiles. Was, then, any remedy possible?

The answer is to be found in the reissue which began with the first of twenty-two volumes. The bulk is to be reduced to one-third, without any loss of matter, and the price remains the same, and the instalments are to appear monthly. Some errors pointed out by zealous correspondents have, moreover, been corrected, and certain bibliographies revised; whilst, by way of Preface to Vol. I. of the reissue, a Postscript has been added by Mr. Sidney Lee (we believe that he should now be termed "Dr.") to the "Statistical Account," which is reprinted from the original Vol. LXIII. The "Postscript" is mainly concerned with the career of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, first editor of and prominent contributor to the "Dictionary of National Biography." A similar memoir of Mr. George Smith had been prefixed to the Supplement; and we are reminded in the "Postscript" that a marble slab with inscription has been affixed to the wall of the crypt in St. Paul's to commemorate him.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since the original first volume ("Abbadie—Aune"), forming the first third of the opening section of the reissue ("Abbadie—Beadon"), made its appearance; and of the 136 contributors no less than forty-four are no longer alive. Some of these have themselves undergone the rite of biography; others still await it. The latest to drop out of the ranks have been Sir Alexander Arbuthnot (contributor of many Anglo-Indian memoirs) and Joseph Knight, the dramatic critic, who wrote for the "Dictionary" all the chief articles upon actors and actresses, beginning with Frances Abington, the original

Lady Teazle and the inventor of the Abington cap. These are recent losses; earlier items in the list are Miss A. M. Clerke (the learned biographer of astronomers), Thompson Cooper (an original sub-editor and large contributor), Bishop Creighton, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Dr. Garnett, Dr. Grosart, Robert Harrison (of the London Library), Charles Kent (friend of Dickens), Cosmo Monkhouse (compiler of many articles upon painters), Canon Overton (historian of the English Church), and Sir Leslie Stephen. All these were regular contributors. Grant Allen, Sheldon Amos, Dutton Cook, Sir Michael Foster, E. A. Freeman, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Hutton, and others were occasional writers in the "Dictionary."

Among living contributors one notes, besides that of Mr. Lee (sub-editor and future editor-in-chief), the names of Professor Laughton (who chronicled all the naval heroes), the Rev. William Hunt (excellent alike as historian and biographer), and Dr. Norman Moore, the literary doctor. These four, together with Mr. W. P. Courtney, the Rev. Alex. Gordon (who had general charge of Nonconformist divines), and the late Mr. Thompson Cooper, contributed to every single volume of the work, and most of them to the Supplement as well. To the present first volume also contributed such pillars of the edifice as the late H. Manners Chichester (compiler of many military memoirs), Mr. James Gairdner, LL.D., Mr. T. F. Henderson (who did notable service in the Scottish department), Canon Jessopp, Dr. Lane-Poole, Mr. J. Horace Round, Mr. J. M. Rigg, Mr. H. R. Tedder, Dr. A. W. Ward, and Messrs. Fuller Maitland and Barclay Squire, who shared the musical department during the early years of the work.

Among occasional contributors from the outset, Mr. Austin Dobson, the late Sir Clinton Dawkins, Professor Dowden, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Sidney Low figure prominently; and an article upon a Cumbrian poet (one Robert Anderson, whose "Lucy Gray" is stated to have suggested Wordsworth's perfect little poem) even comes from the pen of Mr. Hall Caine. We have travelled far since then. Mr. Caine (will it be believed?) once wrote reviews, and good ones too, for the *Athenæum*. But Rossetti persuaded him to give up poetry and poetic criticism for Manx romance.

Though the "Dictionary" had hardly yet got into its stride (Sir Leslie Stephen would have tolerated the metaphor), this early instalment is tolerably representative of the whole. Mr. Lee begins his long series of scholarly and exhaustive monographs with a Life of Archbishop Abbot; Sir Leslie Stephen (not yet K.C.B.) already mingles instruction and charm when he writes of Addison, Madame d'Arblay, Jane Austen, Sir Archibald Alison, Aldrich, and many another; and there are those hosts of competent memoirs of useful, necessary, second-rate and third-rate men which probably give the "Dictionary" its main value. Most of these articles are sufficiently readable; but all contributors cannot be Leslie Stephens.

One outstanding article, that of Sir Theodore Martin on Albert Prince Consort, might, perhaps, have been more concise, and the same might be said of the Master of Peterhouse's notice of "good" Queen Anne. But in the first case editorial revision would have been a task of considerable delicacy, whilst the second raised the moot point of the boundaries of history and biography upon which differences of opinion seem unavoidable. Historians like Dr. Gardiner tend to write history rather than biography; whilst, on the other hand, the mere antiquarian is liable to lose himself in minor details of scholarship, bibliography, and the like. The problem of combining large conceptions with an adequate amount of detailed treatment was one that many contributors had to face, and few, perhaps, proved completely equal to it. Among these Sir Leslie Stephen and Dr. Hunt were conspicuous. Most erred a little on one side or the other. The drastic remedy of ruling out altogether Kings and Queens, which we have heard advocated, was quite inadmissible; we should not like to have missed Professor Freeman's characteristic article on

Alfred (Ælfred, to be accurate in respect to his name), for instance, in the present volume, or Sheriff Mackay's learned sketch of Alexander I., II., III., Kings of Scotland. The inclusion of Arthur, "the real or fabulous King of Britain" (by Mr. C. F. Keary), was, we consider, defensible, though the article resolves itself mainly into a discussion of the two hypotheses, and of the North British theory of the historic hero.

Perhaps the most important memoir in this first volume is that upon Francis Bacon, the joint production of Dr. Gardiner and the late Principal of Corpus Christi, Oxford; but of scarcely less interest will be found those of Dean Stephens upon St. Anselm, of Canon Overton upon Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, of Dr. Grosart upon Richard Baxter, and those of the Editor referred to above. Among men near our own time Dr. Thomas Arnold is written upon by the late Theodore Walrond, Walter Bagehot by R. H. Hutton, Abernethy by Dr. J. F. Payne, and Harrison Ainsworth by Mr. W. E. A. Axon. Dr. Garnett contributed an entertaining notice of Elias Ashmole, "the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time," Mr. Ernest Radford a discriminating account of Bartolozzi, the great engraver, and Mr. Barclay Squire an able article upon Arne, second only to Purcell among English song-composers. Mr. Keibel recounted the career of George III.'s favourite Minister, Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, who Canning so correctly said was to Pitt as Paddington to London. Eccentrics or oddities, of which Mr. Seccombe made a speciality in later volumes, do not as yet appear often, but under the heading "Aitken, James" will be found particulars of the career of the incendiary known to his contemporaries as "John the Painter," and others of almost equally nondescript description occur here and there. There is food for all palates in this national granary.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* By WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE, LL.D. (George Bell and Sons, 5s. net.)

THE substance of this volume was delivered as a course of lectures at the Universities of Wisconsin, Kansas, and Chicago. If the scholarship of Dr. Payne is in any way typical of the intellectual pabulum supplied at these seats of learning, we are forced to the conclusion that the American undergraduate is somewhat inadequately nourished.

Dr. Payne's intentions are entirely admirable; his performance, on the other hand, is little less than deplorable. To begin with, his method of selection leaves something to be desired. He bestows the immense weight of his approval upon Pater's dictum that every art "constantly aspires towards the condition of music," and he suggests that this test is particularly applicable in the case of poetry. Why, then, is such a poet as Christina Rossetti omitted from this volume? And by the same parity of reasoning we may ask, Why is such a poet as Robert Browning included? The art of Browning, whatever transcendent merits it may have possessed, can hardly be said to have aspired constantly "towards the condition of music." Dr. Payne, indeed, had a magnificent opportunity in these lectures; and he has thrown it away recklessly. He might have shown us how the English poetry of the nineteenth century was shaped and determined by the intellectual conditions of that period, and how it in turn reacted upon those conditions, so that the poet becomes at the same time the interpreter and the moulder of his age. Instead of this, however, he has given us a series of essays of little or no critical value, in which he has set himself to repeat with needless verbosity what numerous other people had said before him. Dr. Payne is a specialist in the obvious. Throughout a book numbering nearly four hundred pages he proclaims the demise of Queen Anne with unabated vigour and with quite unnecessary emphasis. He mouths



his commonplaces as though they were the profundities of the wisest of philosophers. He assures us unblushingly that "the essential unity of the good, the true, and the beautiful has long been proverbial," and, in a later chapter, that there is no considerable group of Mr. Swinburne's poems "that appeals to the common instincts of domestic life." Keats's opinion that the Franklins and Washingtons of the United States were not to be compared with Milton and the two Sidneys—a remark so obvious that it hardly seems worth making—is adduced as one "which we as Americans may be justified in resenting." Well, "we as Americans" doubtless have our own standard of heroism! Certainly we get the heroes we deserve.

Dr. Payne's literary style suggests a sedulous imitation of the gifted author of "The Pleasures of Life." He overloads his pages with quotations, so that it is impossible to ascertain sometimes whether the opinions expressed are those of Dr. Payne himself or of some professor in Bates or Cornell Universities. His authorities range from Pater to a certain Professor Corson. The critic, indeed, seems woefully deficient in any sense of proportion. What in the name of common sense does it matter whether Mr. W. J. Stillman agreed or disagreed with Pater, or whether Professor Paul Shorey (whoever that gentleman may be) was "unduly severe" or unduly indulgent towards the defects of Browning? As a matter of fact, the majority of opinions quoted in this book when they are not irrelevant are impertinent, and to allude to them at all is to invest them with an entirely fictitious value.

In spite of all, however, it is evident that Dr. Payne means well. He must be credited with a genuine enthusiasm for poetry. He knows that Shelley was a poet and that Pollok was not. And he appears to have spent much of his time in reading all that has been written in both England and America (and particularly in America) on the subject of modern poetry. Were these the only qualifications necessary for the equipment of the perfect critic, there would be no fault to find with Dr. Payne. But they are not. Some individuality of judgment may not unreasonably be looked for in a writer who essays to interpret for us the poetry of any age. And it is precisely in this respect that Dr. Payne's limitations become most immediately apparent. He is a peculiarly flagrant example of the superfluous critic. There are many such.

*Crosby Hall.* A Chapter in the History of London. By CHARLES W. F. GOSS. (Crowther and Goodman.)

THE subject of Crosby Hall is a topical one just now, and such as is likely to tempt the enterprise of other writers besides the author of the book under notice. Though meant to serve a purpose, it is no mere polemical pamphlet, but a substantial volume of 160 pages full of historical information, with transcripts and translations of wills, leases, etc., hitherto unpublished, and with illustrations and index complete. And considering that all this was despatched, as Mr. Goss ingenuously confesses, "in some few weeks," it is remarkably well done. Crosby Hall—that is, the historic building—was hemmed in from the beginning without any frontage in Bishopsgate Street. It was nevertheless a place of enormous importance; and Richard III., when Duke of Gloucester, took up his residence there as a convenient centre from which to ingratiate himself with the powerful citizens of London. It was here that the infamous plot was hatched by which the children of Edward IV. were bastardised and the way prepared for his brother's successful usurpation of the throne. A tenant of very different stamp, the noblest that ever owned Crosby Place, was Sir Thomas More. Among various vicissitudes was its occupation by a Presbyterian congregation from 1662 to 1769, and after then by a mushroom sect, which, however, dispersed on the death of their founder, Rely, in 1778. The building escaped the Great Fire in 1666, but a few years later, in 1672, a large part of it was accidentally burnt. The Hall, which was practically all that remained by the end of the eighteenth century, was twice restored during the nineteenth; the second time by the restaurant company who had acquired it in 1873. Thereupon, says

Mr. Goss, "elaborate and successful restorations were carried out with consummate taste and judgment;" and

The whole place was so renovated and embellished that it is questionable whether its original features exceeded the beauty of the Hall as we have known it for some years past.

Now opinions differ as to the rights and wrongs of demolishing the Hall altogether; but as to the above-quoted remarks, there could be but one way only to characterise them, and that is as fulsome nonsense.

*Occasional Notes on Church Furniture and Arrangement.*

By J. T. MICKLETHWAITE, F.S.A. (Office of the Incorporated Church Building Society, Westminster, 6d. net.)

THIS admirable little pamphlet should be in the hands of all parsons, churchwardens, and "restorers" and builders of churches. In the Victorian period hundreds of our fine old churches suffered severely from the ignorance of parsons, the vagaries of incompetent architects, and the invasion of the "practical man"—the object of the writer's amusing satire—called in by churchwardens and restoration committees, among whom "generally there is not a man who knows anything of architecture." Mr. Micklethwaite treats his subject from the point of view of an antiquary and a conservator with a keen eye for what is practical in the real, not the commercial, sense. He points out serious errors to be avoided in the pulling about of old churches, and defects in the building of new, giving also sound advice in many important details. He justly sneers at the ignorant idea of "Correctness," which he calls "Fashion under an ecclesiastical hood." In a church, "besides preaching and singing, there are certain actions to be done" (the celebration of the Sacraments, we presume), and therefore the true motive in design should be to make the church "before all things a place of worship," not a preaching-house, nor lecture-hall, nor a concert-room, with the chancel as stage or orchestra.

We commend the section on chancel steps and levels to those of the clergy who think that the chancel should be elevated several feet above the nave—a modern innovation contrary to old English practice. Steps for the purpose of giving dignified elevation to the altar should be placed east of the choir-stalls. Mr. Micklethwaite has a pertinent lesson for Chancellors who refuse faculties for chancel-screens in defiance of the rubric that "the chancels shall remain as in times past:"

The chancel has its name from *cancelli*, or screens, by which it is separated from the rest of the building. It is the part screened off . . . an unfenced space at the east end of a church is not properly a chancel at all, much less one as they were "in times past."

He also points out the value of side-chapels, or at least side-altars—a necessity above the prejudices of religious bigots and the whims of Chancellors. The section of movable ornaments is too short and lacking in detail. We are surprised at one great omission. Nothing is said about the altar, its design, construction, and dimensions. But good advice is given on the unwise acceptance of gifts in bad taste, whether cheap or costly, for fear of giving offence. People should be taught "that the gift to be acceptable must also be suitable." Here, however, lies the whole difficulty. How can they be taught without a teacher? And, as Mr. Micklethwaite admits, the incumbent may be "a young man with no real experience of any church, except that in which he lately served as curate," or, we may add, one old or young, who never in his life has opened a book on art or ecclesiology. We think that lectures in religious art and architecture might with advantage be given at the theological colleges. Lovers of art have much to lament in the disfigurement of churches during the last century by appalling stained-glass "windows so bad that decency and respect for the sacred subjects they (mis)represent call for their removal."

In a church every effort should be made to produce a general harmony in architecture, in stained-glass pictures, and in all the fittings and ornaments, which, however simple, should be in good workmanship and good design.

We conclude with one of Mr. Micklethwaite's best *obiter dicta*:

We have been told, and that by parsons, that the church is for the people, and that the people like things bright and cheerful, and therefore such should be provided for them. Here "bright and cheerful" are used for tawdry and tinsel; and the argument is based on a misuse of the word people, which is rather common in these times. It is assumed that the vulgar are the people, which they are not. Even if we go so far as to admit that the vulgar are the majority, still they are not the people. The church is for all, vulgar and cultured alike, and its influence should be to raise up and not to debase.

## FICTION

*Mafoota*. By DOLF WYLLARDE. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

THE lady who writes under the *nom de guerre* of "Dolf Wyllarde" has achieved a reputation that is not enhanced by "Mafoota." The attempt to make the life of Ellice Hillier interesting is a failure. The woman is a prig and a bore, who, when she overhears scandalmongers coupling her husband's name with another woman's, calmly steps into a friend's shoes and passes herself off to Richard Pryce as his niece. She goes to Mafoota and leaves her husband to Mrs. Odell, and the strangest thing of all is that she is ordered by "Dolf Wyllarde" to be happy there, otherwise we are afraid it would have been impossible for any woman to live happily amidst surroundings where Nature predominates; but it is the sort of Nature that apparently makes man unnatural. In the colony of half-castes Ellice exercises a certain influence, and her dealings with Lily Scott, Jersey King, Arbuthnott, and the rest of the colony are almost rescued from the commonplace by the style of the writer. On the whole, however, Mafoota is not an interesting place, even though it is in Jamaica, and we are glad when Eric Hillier finds her there, and achieves a reconciliation in which each side secures the honours of peace. No doubt "Dolf Wyllarde" intended her book to be a study of a woman's mind, showing the transition stages from girlhood to womanhood. It is not a difficult task, unless it is treated in a realistic manner, and in "Mafoota" the delineation is not too skilfully done. Ellice Hillier is that old friend the woman who falls in love with her husband after marriage, and there is too much of her in the book. Had "Dolf Wyllarde" given us a little more of Eric and less of Ellice her novel would be all the better. The best thing about the book is its style, and though it is not maintained at a high level all through, it is good enough to redeem the volume from failure as a story.

*The Last Shore*. By VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman and Hall, Limited, 6s.)

"THE LAST SHORE" is a strange blend of sensationalism and psychology. As a novel it suffers from the loss of a fixed centre of interest, the story wandering hither and thither in an apparently aimless fashion. Mr. Brown, indeed, never seems to get at close grips with his subject, and the general effect produced on the mind of the reader is that of a series of spasms, tedious interludes alternating with scenes tense and vibrant with drama. There is plenty of villainy in this novel—villainy, too, of the honest, forthright, old-fashioned sort. Hackforth, the villain-in-chief, is less a human being than a compound of bestiality, meanness, and cunning. Of a different breed is Charles Confessor (Mr. Brown might have chosen a name less clumsily allegorical), in whom we are permitted to recognise "the soul of goodness in things evil." We find him a waster, a libertine, a would-be murderer; and we leave him very far advanced on the road to perfection. It is, of course, quite true that the potentialities of saintship lurk in the very jetsam of humanity, but in the case of Confessor Mr. Brown has delayed the process of regeneration so long that we find it impossible to take to our hearts a man for whom we have already conceived so strong an aversion. To us, however, the least attractive character in the book is

Hugh Lanfranc, who is obviously intended to typify a high and austere morality, but who appears throughout the narrative as a model of Good Behaviour—a very different matter. Since there is a clearly-defined moral purpose underlying the story, it is unfortunate that Mr. Brown should have chosen as his hero an individual possessing so many of the characteristics of the perfect prig. With the author's point of view we have no quarrel. It is that of the traditional moralist, and it is so rare in modern fiction that we welcome it as a timely protest against the libidinous school which seems just now to be in the ascendant. For the rest, there is no lack of incident in this novel. It begins with an attempted murder and closes with a suicide. Indeed, the drama would have gained considerably in effect by a judicious lowering of the lights.

*Servitude*. By IRENE OSGOOD. (Sisleys, Ltd., 6s.)

MISS IRENE OSGOOD's latest novel is distinguished by neither charm of style nor ease of narrative. There is a reckless defiance of probability throughout the story, and the majority of the characters are unpleasantly suggestive of the less attractive type of transpontine melodrama. For those who like horrors, crude and unredeemed by any show of plausibility, there will be much in this novel to delight them, but Miss Osgood's occasional incursions into vulgarity are neither necessary nor amusing. The gentleman who is incessantly referring to his "'appy 'ome in 'Oxtou" supplies the comic relief of a novel in which the element of humour is conspicuously lacking, while the mysterious sea-captain who is sold into slavery by the Moors and who eventually turns out to be a lord in disguise, has at least the charm of familiarity. Miss Osgood's capabilities as a writer of English may be not unfairly illustrated by the following sentence, which is to be found on p. 135:

Here, just before she reached the Baxedit, or New Gate, she came upon a crowd of people who were standing watching some Turkish soldiers who were on sentry-duty round a mosque which stood just outside the gate, a mosque which was the tomb, or kouba, of a great marabout, and which for that reason afforded inviolable sanctuary and refuge to any one who wished to escape the anger of the Dey or of his minions.

The italics are, of course, ours. We may perhaps venture to remind Miss Osgood that a lord disguised as a captain would be hardly likely to use the double negative when conversing with his social equal, nor is it usual for a drunken female of the English lower classes to talk about "long, crawling, stumbling walks on cold nights over interminable plains, where the wind howled and cut like a knife." The book is dedicated to M. Fallières.

*Château Royal*. By J. H. YOXALL. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 6s.)

MR. YOXALL recognises the appeal for romance made by the imagination of those whose lives are not on the romantic plane. Perhaps it is a truth, if a prosaic one, that they have the better part whose romance does live only in the imagination. The necessary background to its blisses and glories—those harassing misfortunes and adventures which throw its joys into high relief—must be uncomfortable to experience, and the two or three years that pass so easily between one chapter and the next take a great deal of real living to get through. The poor actual romantics can never be quite sure of the happy ending; they haven't the advantage of being in a position to look at the end and see how it turns out, the advantage possessed by those who can find sympathetic but quite cheap joy and sorrow in the ready-made romances of the novelists. Those who live through romances are not, as a rule, the ones who appreciate the qualities of their position, unless they happen to be the possessors of the rare literary instinct, and can take a detached and impersonal view of their adventures and misadventures. Mr. Yoxall gives shape and probability to the most charming and absurd unrealities. The fantastic search through France of the twentieth-century knight-errant Francis Benedick Stewart for his lady-love captures one's interest by the cunning of its improbability. By the mystery with which the search



is complicated curiosity is aroused and spurred judiciously at intervals when it shows the least sign of flagging, and the reader is carried, unwearied, to the last pages, still eager to know who and what M. de Grandemaison really was; but then one could not help regretting that the necessity for a happy ending demanded the death of that amusingly pompous person. He was amusing to read about, but dreadful to live with, and, after all, it was his own fetich to which he was sacrificed.

*The Land of Dreams.* By FREDERICK GRAVES. (Sisleys, Ltd., 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Swinburne wrote his wonderful poem "The Leper," the world, in spite of the horror of the subject, welcomed the beauty of the poem. But then Mr. Swinburne is a poet—in his way, perhaps, the greatest of modern poets. Certainly he is a master in the art of language, and any subject which he handles he cannot but make beautiful. Mr. Graves is unfortunately not a poet, and his audacity has not the justification of artistic success—the one absolutely necessary justification for audacity in art. Nor is he original either in subject or treatment. He has deliberately taken the story of Mr. Swinburne's poem and recast it in the form of a novel. Mr. Swinburne found his subject in a story of the Middle Ages, and so brought quite naturally to his aid the glamour of romance and chivalry. The remoteness of the date also helped to obscure the horror. But Mr. Graves has none of these things. His time is the present day; his heroine is no fair lady of the Court, but a woman who strikes us as being very ordinary, in spite of her super-Melba voice and her alleged charm of personality. Her seduction is of the most commonplace, and her seducer hails from the Surrey side, in spite of his Irish title. So far the book only bored us; but when Valeria landed on the Ile da Doulem and took away the broken crucifix we suspected the end. We were not disappointed. Valeria becomes a leper; her husband turns her out, and her lover then declares his passion and takes her in. After a time she leaves him, but he pursues her, and at last, with the connivance of the monks who feed the lepers on the island, disguises himself as a nun, and waits for her to come to the island to die. Then follows a purple-patchy chapter about her death, and all that is left after reading the book is a very bad taste in the mouth.

*The Little Brown Brother.* By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. (Constable, 6s.)

LET it be said at once that Mr. Hyatt has written a remarkable book, and one that places him in the very front rank of living writers of fiction. "The Little Brown Brother" is the achievement of which "Marcus Hay" was the promise, and those who have read the latter book will appreciate the distinction. The story it tells is of American maladministration in the Philippines, and though English readers cannot be expected to take a fanatical interest in the United States' equivalent of "Our Brother Boer" controversy, yet the author's style and characterisation lift the book out of its locale, and make it one to enjoy and to remember. Derek North, an Englishman of good family, finds himself in the island of Samar, which, according to the American politicians, is in a state of quite unearthly peacefulness. North's adventures prove otherwise. Rebellion is seething, and although the commissioner with the "conscience" that resembles figures in that it can prove anything attempts to persuade the public at home that everything is all right, American subjects are being murdered, and American fraud, corruption, and bribery are having a splendid time at the cost of much blood and tears. It is amongst these persons and doings that Mr. Hyatt places his principal characters, and Clare Westley, her father, Major Flint, Lieutenant Rayne, Commissioner Furber, and others are depicted with that skill which, as THE ACADEMY pointed out at the time, was a strong feature of the author's work. Clare Westley is a very good specimen of the girl who falls in love at second or third sight, but never at first, and Major Flint is a type we

thought exclusively British until Mr. Hyatt persuaded us that democracy in the American Army has not reached the limit that destroys discipline. Unless the public in the States are tired of the Philippine question, "The Little Brown Brother" should create a sensation in America.

There are many serious statements that attack in the most direct manner the honour of the American Colonial Service, and, as it is the easiest thing in the world to label the proportion of truth in a modern work of fiction, it behoves the American politician to see at once that Mr. Hyatt is either disproved or muzzled—or perhaps the politician might reform? However, that is outside the scope of the critic, and in England Mr. Hyatt's book must be judged purely as a work of fiction. That he loses nothing by this test is a tribute to his skill. "The Little Brown Brother" is distinguished by its strong, clear English, clever phrasing, and astonishing lack of the superfluous. It is a story of adventure, battle, murder, and sudden death, the author ringing the changes of scene with a dexterity that compels the reader to follow him breathless. Any Englishman who felt sore at the strictures passed by Americans on the conduct of the South African war need only read "The Little Brown Brother" to regain his sense of superiority. It exposes the fraud of American political life with a thoroughness that leaves no hope for anything but confession, and the vagaries of a country where the liberty of the subject is always at the mercy of the freedom of the mob find a critic in Mr. Hyatt, who, we feel, is most merciless when most truthful.

## ISADORA DUNCAN

THERE is no art so completely satisfying, so eternally fresh, so exhaustless in revelation as the Greek. This old truth was brought home very near to the bosoms of men on Monday evening at the Duke of York's. This performance was devoted to Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulide," the admirable arrangement of which was quite capably played by the orchestra. Being a very warm admirer of Maud Allan, I could not help comparing her art with that of Isadora Duncan, a comparison which was decidedly unfavourable to the former. For we have never seen an art so joyous, so purely beautiful as this of Isadora Duncan. Though, save in three dances danced by her "delightful" pupils, she filled the whole programme for two hours, yet nothing has ever been less monotonous. We can imagine no more difficult test than this; and when we say that she emerged therefrom triumphant there can be no question as to her worth.

Well, there can be no manner of doubt that Isadora Duncan is a greater than Maud Allan, who has but little faculty of invention, but little inwardness, but little creativeness. Her range, too, is very limited, but in a well-defined, if very narrow, sphere we doubt whether Miss Duncan can surpass her. In Chopin's Mazurka in F, in Rubenstein's "Caprice," Maud Allan attains her highest level. There we really do find a realisation of the emotion underlying the music, a representation of the rhythm which she utterly fails to give, for instance, in the Funeral March. In the large issue, however, Maud Allan is but a child beside Isadora Duncan, who truly

Incedit regina deorum.

On the other hand, Isadora Duncan is without that radiant, palpitating flesh, that "flavour" so desirable in art, so remarkable in Maud Allan. In fact, we value the latter's art more for what the artist is; the former's art more for what the art is. Isadora Duncan's art, so closely modelled on the best Greek sculpture—largely, for instance, on the art of Pheidias, as witness her lying by the seashore—is essentially classical—that is, more pure, more cold, as we say, more chaste, and therefore more enduring. Her art is the art of Sophocles in the breadth and the beauty of it. We shall always return to Isadora Duncan's art, because it is essentially "typical," like all the best Greek art. Isadora Duncan's art can afford, and indeed craves, imitation. Perhaps we can make our meaning

clearer by an illustration drawn from the far other art of literature. Walter Pater is, we think, the Duncan, De Quincey or—dare we say it?—Thomas Browne is the Maud Allan, of literature. It must, however, be understood that we are speaking of Maud Allan rather *in posse* than *in esse*; she has still a great deal to learn. In at least a few gestures she has actually, we think, improved upon Miss Duncan, notably in the “fling” and the flute-playing of the mazurka “Caprice.” And she is quite incomparable in the rhythm of that ripple—as it were, Botticelli’s waves in the Venus—that passes from her hands up her arms. But can she learn “breadth” from Miss Duncan? She has yet to show that she is capable of true inwardness; and without this what is her worth?

Miss Duncan was assisted by her pupils, who showed what joy may be had by any ordinary child even in these days. Really it is the most enheartening sign of the times, this disparaged “*atavism*”—so-called—this belief in the worth of the human body. We have never seen such joy of life as we saw in these children. How good a thing it is to be alive! Every child, we know, feels with joy how glorious a heritage motion is. And rhythmical motion! Miss Duncan, by her noble art, teaches us how this joy may be perpetuated and communicated to all.

It will be interesting to see how Miss Duncan quits herself in Chopin, for her art is essentially a full art. The opportunity of seeing her in Beethoven on Saturday should not be missed. A word, too, should be said for the admirable staging. And, finally, it is comforting to know that the reception of her art was truly regal in its enthusiasm.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I expect by now you have received an indignant disclaimer from the amiable Christabel to the effect that the person referred to in your first Note as calling the police “cads!” and spitting at them “is not a member of our Union.” Indeed the “lovely lady” in one of her many column interviews in the *Daily Telegraph*, in which she airily palliates stone-throwing as mere ardour and a political offence, has already dealt with the matter. With her well-known accuracy she refers to this outsider—an individual of fifty—as “a young woman,” and proceeds to say that “our members never do or say unladylike things of that kind.” Well, I am thinking of compiling a chronicle of the “unladylike things of that kind” they have said and done (past and present members, for the contributions of *la Billington* and the other rebels against Pankhurst autocracy must not be forgotten), and if that chronicle is not as long as Guicciardini’s history and as edifying as the *Newgate Calendar* you are at perfect liberty to call me “horse.” The arsenal of filthy verbal abuse and epistolary impudence directed at all opponents—individually and collectively, distinguished and undistinguished—is of course long ago exhausted. It is difficult to see how studied insult and scurrilous libel and slander and misrepresentation could go any further, but apparently they are prepared to range up the gamut of actions to bombs.

But about this spitting and calling the police cads. The whole disgusting agitation was started on October 13th, 1905, by C. Pankhurst and A. Kenney being carried out squealing from a meeting at Manchester addressed by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill, at whom they had suddenly darted questions during a speech, and the former then spitting in a steward’s face. Later a charming Suffragette at Liverpool went one better, and struck a steward with her hatpin in the forehead, the man having to go to a chemist and get the wound dressed. As to calling the police “cads” a blacksmith living at Islington did that, and assaulted them on the Suffragettes’ behalf. Next day he was eulogised by C. Pankhurst as “chivalrous” and warmly thanked, and on his emerging from prison he was entertained at breakfast. Indeed, this enthusiasm for and benevolence towards the police is quite a recent thing. I notice that these gallant and beefy fellows heartily reciprocate. It’s very nice of the police to forgive and forget in this way all the contumely and trouble they have received and to be snapshotted with their captives outside the police-stations. I shouldn’t be surprised if the bouquets carried by Marie Leigh and Edith New were presented by admiring constables. But the Force is going cheap. Twenty pounds to the Orphanage Fund from a tainted source, which a secretary of

spirit would have returned, and a day off at the hands of “outlaws”—the minions of the law are easily satisfied. In the meanwhile no compensation for his broken windows is offered to the person the Suffragettes address on a postcard as “Mr. H. Asquith,” to differentiate him from “A. J. Balfour, Esq.” (you ought to have seen those cards!), nor do we hear of any cash allocated to compensate tradesmen in the vicinity of Parliament whose business was dislocated, nor ratepayers, who again are saddled with a heavy expense. Indeed, it is being erroneously taken for granted that this Suffrage foolery is a kind of game between the police and the fooligans. The latter bill and coo at the police, and in return it is possible that before long the police will only arrest those who want to be arrested and have arranged beforehand.

Which brings me to another point. You speak of the husbands of these furies. Possibly some of them and other male relatives are very decent fellows, sincerely to be pitied. Others, again, well known to the police, aid and abet their evil wives, sisters, and what not, and are even more savage and dangerous. Go and look at their horrible countenances some day in Rochester Row; you’d imagine you were on a low racecourse among welshers and rammers. On Tuesday these creatures and others of their kidney acted as firebrands, but, in spite of their conduct, which was intended to have the most serious results, not one was arrested. It is sufficient that we should be plagued by a feminine riff-raff, gathered from all the ends of the earth, who choose to emulate the Jub-jub and live in a state of perpetual passion about nothing. It is worse that the vilest men should be glutting their hatred of their fellows under cover of this misanthropic and anti-social agitation.

Entirely misanthropic it is. Mrs. Martyn’s letter shows that. Such women seize every opportunity to abuse and attack men on all scores. Only recently this Women’s Freedom League rushed round to the “Cabin” restaurant and stimulated a lot of waitresses in their rebellion against male “despotism.” Other fools joined in. But not a word had these people to say about the sequel under Miss Ware at Leicester Square. That’s it. Any stick’s good enough. If a man is suspected of having ill-treated a woman, condemn him without a hearing and make the woman a heroine. But when women oppress one another, or a woman injures a man, say nothing about it. There you get the essence of Feminism. It’s not love of women, still less of justice, that inspires these excesses; it’s hatred of men and all their works, hatred cruel and maniacal, like that which animates the vitriol-thrower.

ARCH. G.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We hear much from the Suffragettes of the alleged insult that is offered to women, in that, by reason of being excluded from the franchise, they are ranked with criminals, lunatics, and paupers. Incidentally so also are peers. But, to show the folly of this assertion, we will suppose that one of these ladies who have contributed so much to the prestige of womanhood is engaging a nursery-governess. Presumably she will consider ineligible criminals, lunatics, and paupers—and men. Therefore, on her own reasoning with regard to the franchise, she ranks men with criminals, lunatics, and paupers! Certainly those who would endow her with a vote have some claim to be considered in connection with one of the above classes.

Another favourite argument is that these women deserve the vote because of the “courage and intelligence” (I quote the *Daily News*) with which they have demanded it. But similar and even greater “courage and intelligence” is shown by anarchists in support of their creed, and the fact has never yet been cited as an argument for handing over to the said anarchists the balance of political power.

C. O.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Would you allow me to endorse the opinion advanced by “C. O.” in your last number “that it is high time that a Men’s Anti-Feminist League was formed”? The association of which Mr. Ivor Guest is secretary, unquestionably, is not without its value; but it is sufficiently obvious that the tactics likely to be employed by an organisation of ladies will prove of little avail against the tactics employed by an organisation of Yahoos. In this connection the names of Lord Lansdowne, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Curzon, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Halsbury, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Henry Chaplin (who at Wimbledon so successfully routed the representative of what Mr. Rudyard Kipling’s Mohamedan would describe as “the barren women and their talking mules” that they have never since had the temerity to enter openly the field of contest) naturally suggest themselves. Even among the present Ministry and its supporters there are to be numbered



not a few who have dauntlessly defied the menaces of the expectorating and bell-ringing hooligan. Six members of the existing Cabinet voted against Mr. Stanger's preposterous Bill for female enfranchisement. Mr. Ivor Guest is himself a Radical member of Parliament, and there are, at all events, not a few of his colleagues who so far have not been cowed and intimidated into bowing the knee to Baal. It is part of the Suffragette game of bluff, to which you have drawn attention in these columns, to claim as victories all the defeats inflicted upon Government candidates at the bye-elections, but it remains a peculiarly significant fact that since the triumph of Mr. Chaplin they have never ventured to bring forward any champion of their own. Let but the opponents of a gynecocracy stand shoulder to shoulder, and the example set by Wimbledon will be repeated in at least 75 per cent. of the constituencies throughout the United Kingdom.

T. D. D.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Although I think that, if the Sisera of modern evil be delivered into the hand of a woman, that woman will be found at her own tent-door, yet I would point out that these would-be Deborahs, who cannot wait till the Baraks thrust greatness upon them, give cause for rejoicing.

Angels, inspirations, Sacraments are declared incredible, and in vain would we open our windows toward Jerusalem; but faith yet lives and endures persecution, and Israel hath yet a god—a Vote.

I would suggest that the leisure of prison life be spent in producing hymns suitable to the new cult.

ANNA BUNSTON.

#### THE INSOLENT PUBLISHER

##### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your article on the insolence of publishers deserves a corollary. I would arrange most publishers in four classes. First, as lowest, should come the publisher whom none but desperate authors deal with. He "takes on" a vagrant book, the author paying all ex's and a publisher's fee, and allowing a commission on "sales." After warehousing the copies for a season, the publisher suggests that the author should take them back, sales being *nil* and cellars to clear. To precipitate this consummation a quarrel may be necessary. This may be easily managed if the author can be got to make a "business visit" to the office. Insolence, eh? Insolence is too mild a term altogether.

Then there is the "enterprising" publisher, who prefers his author uncooked. (He employs no hired bully; indeed, his most distinguished henchman is that suave young Ananias who keeps the budding lady-novelists at bay.) This publisher will take the first thousand royalty-free, and at the end of the year return an account of 986 copies sold. After which sales will cease, and the edition "peter out" in free copies. This conduct may, if one chooses, be called insolence.

Then comes the alert, bustling specimen, usually represented by a brisk manager, who would have done well in any state of life independent of Divine disposal. This is the best man to deal with. He is not insolent to authors: a little bumptious perhaps, but not offensive—has even been known to invite a young author to call during business hours. "My dear sir," he will say, between those bouts with the telephone-trumpet, "are you aware that we publish for Madam Mirobolant? She is one of our biggest hits. I will undertake, any day, to sell 20,000 covers with her name on them—covers only, my dear sir. What's your opinion of Chitterling's poems? I may say I was about the first to discover their merit. It was I that took up Abrahams. Observe the result. The public, sir, will never tire of humour. Yes, give me but the vaguest sniff of a 'seller' and I am on to it like a flash of lightning." Now all this may be very disconcerting, yet there is no insolence about Buffham. Pure business, even when he shuts out one's second venture with: "Dear Sir,—I forward a/c of sales of your first. Under circs, waste time to read second.—Yours, etc., Buffham."

Then comes the publisher who is burdened with a reputation, who, after signing articles, asks one languidly if one has the remotest idea as to where the first two hundred copies should be placed, and loses the run of the author's name a week after publication. He has a way, that comes of many years of publishing for the British aristocracy, of, as it were, arching the eyebrows of memory in a vain attempt to recollect that he is the author's chosen business-man—a trick that is extremely chilling. As the Cockney said: "It ain't 'is hinsolence—it's 'is bloomin' 'ortiness wot gives yer the needle." There is a capital story of an Irish author and such an one. A friend found the Irishman at a street-corner rating a well-dressed, silk-hatted individual. "What's the matter, Macmurdo?" inquired the friend. "Who is this gentleman?" "The spalpeen," roared Macmurdo, "calls himself my

publisher. But, a word in your ear, my bhoys—don't mention it to any one. *He doesn't wish it to be known!*" Strange to say, an author may lose money and gain annoyance as fast with this kind of publisher as any.

Where, then, lies the author's remedy? Well, his pledged protectors cannot help him, unless he is "successful" already. But he may saunter into his publisher's office and unburden his soul in terse, undefiled English. This will ease his mind, and may even impress the publisher, than whom no man upon earth has had less acquaintance with that splendid vehicle of expression. He has as much right to do this as the punter on the racecourse who, having backed ten losers in succession, has touched one winner and found his bookie bankrupt, or the market-gardener who, having sent the blushing glories of his orchard to town, receives in return 13s. 6d. and the empty baskets.

It would be instructive if some literary paper of note, and independent quite of publishers' advertisements, would open one column per week to genuine statements of publishers' payments to authors (the statements to be confidential as regards names of authors and publishers). Many a talented youth and maiden would be saved long years of heartsickness and misery; many a pompous huckster would find his chances curtailed. No pulings admitted; terse, clear statements only, backed with convincing figures. Who says?

ONE FROM THE OVEN.

#### MANNERS AND MORALS OF L.C.C. SCHOOL-CHILDREN

##### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the current number of your paper I notice a strongly-worded protest against the manners and morals of the children in the L.C.C. schools. My own experience of these schools, though fairly intimate as far as it goes, is necessarily limited; but it so chanced that a few hours before I read THE ACADEMY I had been in contact with children from three schools situated in a poor part of Kentish Town. I left the poorest of the three just at twelve o'clock, and so far from meeting with any undue roughness, I was, as usual, treated with real and spontaneous politeness. Two boys ran to open the playground-gate for me, and others whom I met in the road greeted me in a perfectly civil and respectful manner. Naturally they shout and laugh in their playtime; but I believe that even the boys of Eton and Harrow speak above a whisper now and then.

It is difficult to reply to general abuse by citing particular instances; but I believe that the schools to which I refer are fairly typical, and, knowing what I do of the difficult and self-sacrificing work of the teachers and its results, I cannot but ask you to make further and closer acquaintance with both before utterly condemning either.

ELEANOR SPENSLEY.

3 Provost Road, Hampstead.

[The notes in last week's ACADEMY on this subject were written by a gentleman who has had personal experience of the manners and morals of the school-children in certain L.C.C. schools. We are glad to hear that Mrs. Spensley has had more pleasant experiences. We shall be pleased to put Mrs. Spensley in communication with the writer of the notes and to give her an opportunity of judging for herself whether his report was an exaggerated one or not. It is a curious thing that ladies can hardly ever refrain from importing into their arguments irrelevant matters. Mrs. Spensley must be well aware that we do not object to school-children "shouting and laughing in their playtime;" she must be equally aware that we have never denied that "boys at Eton and Harrow speak above a whisper now and then." The point made by the writer of these notes was that a large proportion of the children educated at the L.C.C. schools used obscene and filthy language and behaved like apes. This is a definite statement and has nothing whatever to do with shouting and laughing and speaking above a whisper. Mrs. Spensley might just as well say that she believed that "cows sometimes eat grass." And why drag in Eton and Harrow? We said nothing about the conduct of the boys educated at these seats of learning, and there is no apparent connection between the two subjects. Mrs. Spensley appears, judging by her epistolary style, to have been attending Suffragist and Socialist meetings, and to have imbibed their sweet methods of controversy. Ladies nowadays seem to think that a stiletto and an acid manner are necessary adjuncts of any attitude they may take up.—ED.]

#### OUR ART AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

##### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In judging our magnificent collection at the "White City" it should be borne in mind that by the most unlucky of chances three of the great collections of modern art were closed to the selectors by the hand of death. MacCulloch's fine collection is to be kept together and, we hope, exhibited in its entirety

later on. The Humphry Roberts works were being prepared for auction, as were the splendid works collected by the late Stephen Holland.

"E. K.'s" article on the Franco-British collections contained a good deal that was admirable; but I was sorry to see that he was guided by his predilections and his feeling rather than by his knowledge, so he was gravely unjust to our pictures. His standpoint was somewhat antiquated, and had a touch of topsyturvydom; and he showed that curious inability to rightly estimate recent art which was shown in Holland after the death of Rembrandt, when it was possible to buy a painting by him for a half-crown! This lack of insight landed him in the utterly false conclusion that the good works in our collection are "in a fearful minority;" whereas, had he judged by the right criteria and with adequate knowledge, he would have arrived at the reverse conclusion, and have truly told us that it is the bad works which are in the "fearful minority;" and had these "bad" works been submitted to our Newists they would probably have pronounced them the gems of the collection! This injustice to our national art is the crying scandal of our time, but your critic is one of the mildest offenders, and has some glimmerings of the light, and but little of what the brilliant author of "Winged Words" calls "the madness of the modern art-critic."

The inadequately trained critic judges by his personal likes and dislikes, and is unable to make the personal equation. As a boy I had a surfeit of strawberries and cream, and for years the thought of or the sight of cream produced nausea; if under this personal aberration I had denounced strawberries and cream as nasty, and bad as a food, I should have been making the same kind of blunder that nine out of ten of our critics are making all the time. Your critic says that our art was finest and achieved a national personality in the eighteenth century. Splendid as some of our art was then, it was dominated by the Old Masters, showing their beauties and their limitations, and it was not until the following century that our really original contributions to the enrichment and to the widening of the fields of art were made. It was in the nineteenth century that insight deepened and the sympathies widened, and to judge these later developments from the older standpoint is something like taking the product of the Pandean pipes as the criterion for judging the splendours of modern orchestration. The Old Masters have had the assistance of Time's matchless artistry, and are seen through a glamour which makes it unfair to use them as criteria for modern works. What is the real meaning of your critic's sneer at this collection of "anecdotes and of pseudo-medievalisms"? Simply that the painter has added something of the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist to his craft—has become a poet-painter. The "pseudo-medievalisms" mean that the painter has added something of the historian to the above poetic qualities, and by aid of his spendid imagination has enabled us to realise the past, and has enriched our mental picture-gallery, has educated us by means of æsthetic delight. This is an important function of art which is overlooked by our critics. These additions to mere craftsmanship, which sane criticism would honour, it is the fashion now to sneer at; it is in judging by such inverted criteria that manifold injustice is done to our national art.

E. WAKE COOK.

20 Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W., July 6, 1908.

#### SYDNEY DOBELL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the note which you were recently good enough to publish respecting my intention of writing a new Memoir of Sydney Dobell, I stated that the Life of him which was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. in 1878 is now out of print. Those gentlemen have informed me that this is not the case, and that the book may still be obtained from them. I hope, therefore, that you will allow me to correct my mistake and to express my regret for having made it.

BERTRAM DOBELL.

21 Queen's Crescent, N.W.

#### AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I find a quotation of Renan's—"O Man of Galilee, Thou hast conquered. Henceforth no man shall distinguish between Thee and God!" The context implies that this was written after Renan's "Life of Christ" and other infidel works, and that subsequent study had convinced him of the Divinity of Christ. Will you kindly decide these points which arose in a discussion with a friend?—

1. Did Renan write this before or after his infidel works?

2. Did he die an infidel or a believer?

3. Is there any evidence to show in the latter case whether he was convinced by faith or reason?

You will, perhaps, excuse these questions from a country where books of reference are hard to obtain. Any details you can give or names of books bearing on these points would be gratefully received.

G. T. WESTON ELWES.

Rahang, Siam, June 3, 1908.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### POETRY

*The Sweeper of the Leaves.* Alfred Cochrane. Smith, Elder, 2s. 6d. net.

Hewetson, George Benson. *The Mountains and other Poems.* Sisleys, 3s. 6d.

*The Last Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Sisleys, 2s. 6d.

*Poems.* With a few Translations by Robert Potter. Bell.

Eliot, Nevill. *Ideals and First Love.* The Samurai Press, 2s. 6d. net.

*New Poems.* R. G. T. Coventry. Mathews, 5s. net.

### BOOKS OF REFERENCE

*The Lecture Course Directory and Lecturers' Year-Book.* With a Foreword by the Right Hon. Lord Norton. Edited by F. E. Tillemont-Thomason. 1908-1909. The Empire Educational.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Austen, Jane. *Pride and Prejudice.* In two vols. *Sense and Sensibility.* In two vols. Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d. each net.

Knight, Charles. *Shadows of the Old Booksellers.* Routledge, 1s. net.

Ruskin, John. *The Crown of Wild Olive.* Routledge, 1s. net.

Braddon, Miss. *Lady Audley's Secret.* Nelson, 7d. net.

### EDUCATIONAL

*Stories from the Iliad.* Retold by H. L. Havell, B.A. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.

*Stories from the Odyssey.* Retold by H. L. Havell, B.A. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.

*The Psychology and Training of a Horse.* Martinengo Cesaresco. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

*The Alps in Nature and History.* W. A. B. Coleridge. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

*Early Greek Philosophy.* John Burnet. Black, 12s. 6d. net.

*The Ideal of a Gentleman.* A. Smythe Palmer. Routledge, 6s.

*The Utopia of Sir Thomas More.* Edited by R. R. Rusk. University Tutorial Press, 2s.

Shakespeare. *The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by S. E. Goggin. The University Tutorial Press, 2s.

*Geometry for Schools.* The Theorems collected and arranged by E. Fenwick. Heinemann, 1s. 6d.

### BIOGRAPHY

*The Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1870-1892.* Constable, 7s. 6d.

*St. Thomas of Canterbury.* Robert Hugh Benson. Macdonald and Evans, 2s.

### FICTION

*The Hard Way.* By a Peer. Long, 6s.

*The Marriage of Lionel Glyde.* Olivier Ramsey. Long, 6s.

*An Empty Heritage.* Violet Tweedale. Long, 6s.

*Golly in Furrin Parts.* A. Copping. Chapman and Hall, 6s.

Hyatt, Stanley Portal. *The Little Brown Brother.* Constable, 6s.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Dumas, Victor Hugo. *Universal Peace.* A Treatise on International Government. New York: Broadway Publishing Company, \$2.

*The Nearer and Farther East.* By Samuel M. Zwemer and Arthur J. Brown. Macmillan, 1s. 3d. net.

Bates, E. Katharine. *Do the Dead Depart?* Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

Laurspach, Charles W. L. *State and Family in Early Rome.* Bell, 7s. 6d. net.

Rhotrads, Constantin. *Les Hauts et les Bas.* Paris: Grasset, 3f. 50c.

*The Babes Book.* Medieval Manners for the Young. Done into Modern English from Dr. Furnivall's Texts by Edith Rickett. Chatto and Windus, 5s. net.



THE BEST FOOD

IN LONDON

The - -

York - - -

Restaurant

JERMYN STREET

(BACK OF THE CRITERION).

FINEST FRENCH COOKING.

CHOICEST WINES.

QUICK SERVICE.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS.

Proprietor—V. SINELLI.

George  
Oaker

*Court and  
Military .  
Tailor . .*

Special attention given to  
hunting and sporting kit

- Perfect cut guaranteed -

The best and finest work  
- at reasonable charges -

Telephone : 1989 MAYFAIR

18 GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE

**Dr. W. H. FITCHETT**  
**AND**  
**PUBLIC OPINION**

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT, M.A., the Author of  
"Fights for the Flag" and "Deeds that Won  
the Empire," who lives in Melbourne, Australia,  
sends the following letter to the Editor of  
Public Opinion :—

Dear Mr. Parker—

I get your PUBLIC OPINION regularly, and find it  
most interesting and valuable—a matchless bit of  
journalistic work. It ought to find a place, for one  
thing, in every newspaper office outside London, for  
nothing else I know gives such a reflex of the  
thought in the current history of the world.

Yours ever,

W. H. FITCHETT.

**PUBLIC OPINION** A WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT  
:: THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY ::

Every Friday. Twopence.

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

The Purpose of PUBLIC OPINION is to provide information by means of a  
weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the  
world's newspapers, magazines, and books, and to put on record the ideas and  
activities which make for religious, political, and social progress.

PUBLIC OPINION can be obtained from any Newsagent or Bookstall, or will  
be sent Post Free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d. ;  
and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to—

**PUBLIC OPINION, 30 & 31 Temple House,  
Tallis St., London, E.C.**

SPECIMENS FREE ON APPLICATION.

# The Pongo Papers

AND

## Duke of Berwick

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

With Illustrations by DAVID WHITELAW. 2s. 6d. net.

This book consists of a Series of Verses satiring the methods of modern scientific controversialists. Included in the volume is the "Duke of Berwick," an extremely amusing nonsense rhyme. All lovers of skilful and witty light verse should get "The Pongo Papers."

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Lord Alfred Douglas's entertaining whim of associating inappropriate ethical qualities with various undistinguished members of the brute creation reappears in 'The Pongo Papers.' . . . It is all in the best style of 'nonsense-verse,' which consists largely in conveying the minimum of useful information with the maximum of craftsmanship."—*Observer*.

"Lord Alfred Douglas has done a remarkable thing in this slender book of verses, half nonsense and half satire as he explains in his preface, for he has added another member to the list of legendary persons whose type and habit of mind may usefully be quoted on occasions. . . . It is excellent fooling, and will be enjoyed by all who are amused by comic rhyme and a satire on scientific controversy. . . . We have only one complaint against this excellent little book—there is not enough of it."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"It is not everybody, as the author admits, who can enjoy nonsense rhymes, but there are very many we feel sure who will appreciate the humour and satire which abounds in the pages of Lord Alfred Douglas' little volume of verses entitled 'The Pongo Papers.' They make some very amusing reading, and the book is cleverly illustrated by David Whitelaw."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"The Duke of Berwick' is delightfully witty and satirical. . . . No one will deny that the finish and execution of Lord Alfred Douglas's work is extraordinary."—*Country Life*.

"Lord Alfred Douglas writes a clever preface for a clever little book . . . he exhibits the very difficult art of being utterly foolish. . . . We are very grateful to him. . . . There is real laughter in 'The Pongo Papers.'"—*Tribune*.

"In his new book just published by Messrs. Greening, Lord Alfred Douglas has made admirable play with the methods of scientific controversialists. 'The Pongo Papers' are pure satire."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

"The Pongo Papers' constitute capital 'nonsense'. . . . The volume provides readers with an hour's light literature and is amusingly illustrated by Mr. David Whitelaw."—*Sunday Sun*.

"The Pongo Papers' are very cleverly-done nonsense verses with a satirical strain. 'The Duke of Berwick' is to our mind the best as well as the longest of them, but all are remarkably good and neat."—*Sportsman*.

"Lord Alfred Douglas in 'The Pongo Papers' and 'The Duke of Berwick' by his very amusing verses proves that as a writer of verses pure and simple we have in him a successor to the author of 'Alice in Wonderland.' The illustrations by David Whitelaw are capital."—*Madame*.

"The poems are written with light and humorous touch throughout, and Mr. David Whitelaw has added some clever drawings."—*Outlook*.

"The Pongo Papers' have a distinguished originality, and are framed in the metre that the author handles with marked ease and fluency. Along with these witty and diverting sketches appears another elegant trifle, 'The Duke of Berwick.'"—*Perthshire Advertiser*.

"The Duke of Berwick' is the kind of poetry we should like to read when we are sick or sorrowful, for it is pure art unstained by any trace of human emotion or of that sickly business called living. . . . 'The Pongo Papers' are a brilliant satire. . . . This is a book which everyone must read."—*Vanity Fair*.

"That it takes a clever man to write nonsense is a truism. At any rate 'The Pongo Papers' and 'The Duke of Berwick,' by Lord Alfred Douglas, are conspicuously clever and in some parts even brilliant."—*Publisher and Bookseller*.

"By far the best verses in 'The Pongo Papers,' by Lord Alfred Douglas, are those on the Lobster. The one good ground for elaboration such as this in nonsense-verses is technical success, and this these have in a high degree, while they are also much more amusing than most of the accepted examples."—*Morning Leader*.

"The Pongo Papers,' by Lord Alfred Douglas, contain some of the wittiest verse that has been written in our time. The satire is rapier-like in its thrusts. The solemn methods of modern 'scientific' thinkers come in for some delicious raillery. 'The Duke of Berwick' is full of drollery, and will bear reading more than once. It is difficult to estimate the amount of delicate art and literary culture that have gone to the writing of these astonishingly clever nonsense-verses."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"The rhymes are vastly amusing, and are most delightfully written; the author has brought to the writing of them, as anybody who remembers 'The City of the Soul' would expect, all the knowledge of versification and charm of diction which only a real poet can possess. Lord Alfred Douglas, when an undergraduate, made a great reputation for his rhymes about animals. These rhymes have been imitated on every side, but he still remains the animal 'laureate' in spite of the multitude of his followers."—*Court Journal*.

"The Pongo Papers' consist of most amusing nonsense-verses very cleverly done."—*Irish Times*.

"Et à présent, quiconque connaît assez l'anglais pour apprécier les finesses des 'nonsense rhymes' devra lire 'The Pongo Papers' and 'The Duke of Berwick' par Lord Alfred Douglas. Nous sommes loin du volume de Poems, que publia jadis le 'Mercure,' et, à ceux qui lui feraient le reproche de se complaire à ces distractions apparemment peu dignes d'un altier poète, Lord Alfred Douglas rétorque: 'Du fait que j'aurais écrit de magnifiques tragédies, me serai-til interdit de m'essayer dans la comédie.' Et il assure que les 'nonsense rhymes' sont pour le moins aussi difficiles à bien composer que le plus noble des poèmes épiques. En tous cas, ils ont le mérite d'être infiniment plus amusants."—*Mercure de France*.

# The Pongo Papers

Price 2s. 6d. net.

Every Bookseller CAN supply this Volume. If he has not a copy in stock he CAN obtain one from the Publishers. In case of any difficulty in securing copies, readers of "The Academy" are particularly requested to communicate direct with the Publishers.

GREENING and CO., Ltd., 91 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Printed for the Proprietors, THE WILSON PRESS, LTD., 65, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., by ODHAMS, LTD., 5, Bursleigh Street, Strand, London, and Published by them at 67, Long Acre, W.C.